NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Powers Show Trial

Behind the Congo Crisis

PHILIPPA SCHUYLER

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Goldwater as Leader: an Assessment

L. BRENT BOZELL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · DAVID McCORD WRIGHT
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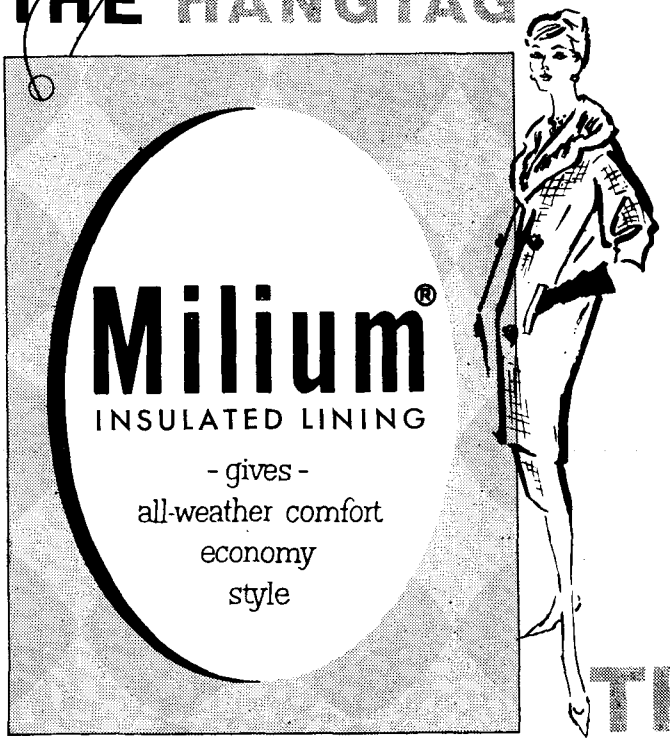

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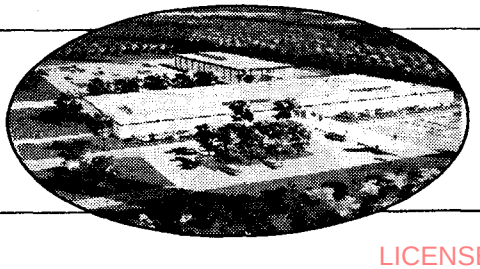

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, John Chamberlain, Willmoore Kendall, Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: David Franke

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Joan Didion, Medford Evans, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Maureen B. O'Reilly, William F. Rickenbacker, E. Merrill Root, Ralph de Toledano, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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In This Issue

. . . If Senator Kennedy is elected and J. Kenneth Galbraith heads his economic braintrust, what is in store for the rest of us? With this question in mind, we asked the distinguished economist DAVID MCCORD WRIGHT, of McGill University, to discuss the ideas of Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* at some length, and to elaborate on what his theories would mean if put into practice. Professor Wright is the author of *Capitalism* and *Democracy and Progress.*

We are fortunate enough to have for this issue two first-hand reports on conditions in the Congo. PHILIPPA SCHUYLER, daughter of George Schuyler, the well-known Negro editor of the *Pittsburgh Courier,* spent several weeks in the Congo prior to its independence and was there when the rioting broke out. She reports on that, and on the repercussions, political and otherwise, of the Congo disorders in Belgium. "It is not good to be black in Brussels today," she says. By profession Miss Schuyler is a concert pianist, but she also finds time to write, as witness her first book, *Adventure in Black and White,* which Robert Speller and Sons will publish later this month . . . ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, who spent the better part of the spring touring South and Central Africa, gives us some details we had not known about Katanga Province . . . Making his first appearance in NATIONAL REVIEW—and if the truth be known, in any publication—is William Gavin, a 25-year-old senior at Jersey City State College. Mr. Gavin describes the epic feat of Ed Goiter (the "San Francisco Flogger") and his U. S. team at the New York Student Riot Festival of 34 A.D. (After Disarmament)—a tale for the ages.

JAMES BURNHAM tells us exactly what the Soviet Union hopes to gain by the trial of Pilot Powers—and suggests it will succeed unless the American public is prepared for what will be happening at Moscow . . . BRENT BOZELL assesses the role of Barry Goldwater at the Chicago convention . . . RUSSELL KIRK has another bash at the tormented educationists of Michigan . . . and JOHN CHAMBERLAIN spiritedly defends the private preparatory schools against the charge that they are "undemocratic."

If you like poetry or even think that you might like poetry if you read some, HUGH KENNER suggests that you do not go to Gilbert Highet's *The Power of Poetry* for your introduction to the field . . . STEFAN POSSONY, author of *A Century of Conflict,* Professor of International Relations at Georgetown University and an associate of the Foreign Policy Research Institute of the University of Pennsylvania recommends (with some slight reservations) two new books on the history of the Soviet Communist Party . . . K. S. TEMPLETON reviews Merrill Peterson's *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind,* and JOAN DIDION sharpens her scalpel on marriage counseling as practiced in the pages of the women's magazines.

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The WEEK

● Youth was everywhere at the Republican convention. Youth managed the various candidates' booths, Youth waved the posters, Youth held the convention parade, and it was Youth, primarily, that staged the Presidential demonstration Wednesday night. . . . Lots of the young people had no ideological interest; they had come for the excitement, the activity; they were Republicans . . . well, because their family was Republican, or perhaps because they sincerely did believe in Peace and Prosperity. But those who were serious, the ones who will be working hardest to guide the Republican Party in the future, were conservatives: and most of them Goldwater fans. They passed out 15,000 Goldwater buttons, handed out literature, rallied inside and outside the amphitheater. They greeted Richard Nixon at the airport with Goldwater signs, and did the same thing for President Eisenhower the next day. They drove one Nixon aide into muttering in exasperation: "Those damn Goldwater people are everywhere." What's more, they are going to be around for a long time to come, which is something the Republican leadership should take note of.

● The Atomic Energy Commission becomes more—and more openly—worried over the Administration's ban on atomic testing. The analysis of fallout from Soviet tests shows that the U.S. held a four-year advantage on nuclear weapons development when the test ban went into effect in November 1958. The AEC reasons that the Soviets have continued *their* development program, in one manner or another. There is also the probability that Russia is developing an anti-missile missile, which could be circumvented only by more sophisticated U.S. missiles with a "cluster" of warheads able to blanket the target like a spray of buckshot. Without testing, these "cluster" warheads cannot be perfected. Meanwhile both candidates maintain an absolute security blackout on the whole nuclear test problem.

● An endorsement for a brand-name toothpaste comes about as readily from the American Dental Association as a recommendation for whiskey from the WCTU, but the dentists now proclaim that Procter & Gamble's "Crest" is an "effective anticaries [anti-cavity] dentrifice." In controlled tests run by ADA officials, 40,000 children and teen-agers using "Crest" (which contains stannous fluoride as one ingredient) were shown to have a reduction in cavities of between 23 and 57 per cent (depending, as it turns out, on how many times a day their toothbrushing was supervised). The news ran Procter & Gamble's stock up fourteen points in three days, and left the compulsory fluoridators severely shaken. At no additional cost—everyone buys toothpaste anyway—all parents who so wish may see to it that their children use a safe and effective fluoridated dentrifice which will cut tooth decay. What justification, therefore, for the expensive, unscientific, compulsory fluoridation of all water for everyone, including the 99.9 per cent of the water supply that goes down the sewer?

● Cuban police last week picked up five American reporters returning from the 26 July celebration in the Sierra Maestre, and tossed them in the clink without—as is becoming customary in Cuba—going through the tiresome formality of making any charge against them. All but one—free-lance writer Charles Wiley, on assignment for WOR-TV in New York—were released within the next two or three days. Wiley, who reported on his attempt to get *into* Moscow's dread Lubyanka prison in a recent issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (July 16)—he just wanted a look-see—has a marked interest in matters Communist. He cast a cold eye on the Communist Youth Festival in Vienna a year ago and it can only be said that his dispatches on the Khrushchev visit to the United States were lacking in warmth. We imagine it was for these leanings rather than for any reportorial breach that Mr. Wiley was singled out for special treatment by Castro's agents.

● We call to the attention of those of our readers who will be in the Chicago area late this month a five-day seminar on "Education for American Security" which will be held, beginning August 29, at the Naval Air Station, Glenview, Ill. The admirably chosen faculty will include: Gerhart Niemeyer, Professor of Political Science at Notre Dame; Frank Barnett, director of the Richardson Foundation; Anthony Bouscaren, Professor of Political Science at Le Moyne College; Reverend Stanley Parry, Chairman of the Political Science Department at Notre Dame; E. Merrill Root, author of *Brainwashing in the High Schools*. Persons interested in attending may write to: Education for American Security, P. O Box 20, Naval Air Station, Glenview, Ill.

● If you want to know not only what goes on in the world, but what went on in the world, we refer you to the *Ghana Times* which came up with this anthropological nugget the other day: "History records that the African people were enjoying the highest civilized society when their present-day captors were living in caves and had tails. The African people were enjoying caviar while their present tormentors were eating snails, snakes and hogs, walking on all fours."

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Time Out for Appraisal

There will be a second, third and thirty-third occasion, between now and election day, for conservatives to ponder the meaning of the conventions, the platforms, the choice of nominees, and the conduct of the campaign. Political time is measured by events as well as clocks. Between now and November 8 there lie the long stretches of the special congressional session, the massive campaign itself, the uneasy tremors of the business cycle, the Cuban and Congo revolutions, and all that Khrushchev is sure to be doing. We therefore see no need to try to answer all questions at once. It is by no means easy to be sure just what all the questions are that want answering.

Conservatives, most specifically the strictly libertarian wing of conservatism, took a clobbering at both conventions, that much is clear. The two platforms and the avowed opinions of all four nominees accept a generally Liberal social program financed and administered by a giant state, with scant regard for local rights or wishes. It was not that the voice of conservatism went unheard. Even at Los Angeles the most eloquent speech by far was the defense of states rights by James Gray of Georgia, who delivered the report of the Platform Committee minority.

At the Republican convention most of the important addresses, and the best of them—Walter Judd's keynote address, Senator Goldwater's two speeches, Mr. Hoover's moving valedictory, and the speech of the President, for that matter—were conservative in feeling and for the most part in substance. Nor was it mere chance that pushed these conservative speeches so prominently forward. The enthusiasm of the convention audience—which must have been presumed to be shared by the televiewers—proved a wide sympathy with the rhetoric of Messrs. Eisenhower, Hoover, Judd and Goldwater. But the rhetoric —as Brent Bozell explains later in this issue—was in no wise translated into action.

The Democratic convention shouted down the Georgian amendment without bothering to count the vote. After moving along an unmixed leftward line, it cynically threw a Texan (with a pro-Liberal, pro-Labor Senate record) as bone to the disgruntled South. In the Nixon-Rockefeller-Goldwater triumvirate that emerged at Chicago, Barry Goldwater was surely the disregarded Lepidus. The operative deal was between Rockefeller and Nixon, though it may not have been certain at first glance which was Antony, and which Octavius. Nixon, or Rockefeller, or Nixon-Rockefeller did not ask Senator Goldwater's advice and consent in selecting a Massachusetts Liberal internationalist for second place.

We do not suggest that there are no differences between the two conventions, platforms, and sets of candidates. Mr. Kennedy's unambiguous Liberalism is considerably further to the Left than Mr. Nixon's, whose inmost views remain still something of a mystery. Grouped close to Mr. Kennedy's ear, by his choice as well as theirs, are the *crême de la crême* of the Liberal ideologues—W. W. Rostow, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., John Kenneth Galbraith. The courtship between the Democratic candidate and the ideologized labor bureaucrats of the Walter Reuther, David McDonald type has been warm and mutual.

The contrast between the two platforms is of grays, not black and white. Still, they differ not a little, and by a consistent pattern. The welfarist domestic proposals of the Democrats envisage almost limitless spending, easy money, and frank federal compulsions. They pledge a federal FEPC, for example, to enforce civil rights; medical aid blanketed into the compulsory social security system; a national growth rate of 5 per cent achieved by government economic action. The Republican planks omit the FEPC; call for contributory, state-run medical aid, with the choice of an alternate private insurance plan; and put main reliance for growth on "the private sector."

Though they are both from the same new generation and so much alike—and so exceedingly able—as political tacticians, the two candidates differ much in character and personality. These personal differences, and other differences that underlie the rather vacuous convention rhetoric, we shall come to know better as the campaign pressures strip off surface layers.

Are these differences, such as they are, sufficient to justify conservatives in preferring one candidate to the other—granted that the choice would necessarily be, as conservatives would have to judge it, of a lesser evil? Outside of the South, where the civil rights planks, the Johnson candidacy and local tradition raise special complexities, most conservatives will undoubtedly, as the heat of convention disappointments and bitterness recedes, accept the practical decision Barry Goldwater stated when he withdrew his name from nomination. Other conservatives now feel, and some will doubtless continue to feel through and beyond election day, that neither Kennedy-Nixon nor Democratic-Republican any longer offers conservatives a meaningful choice. If so, conservatives cannot in conscience support or vote for either one or the other, but must find other channels for giving expression to conservative principles.

The ascendancy in the 1960 conventions of a new generation and new tactics suggests that they mark the end of the postwar period, without yet revealing what the nature of the coming period is to be. In ideas, both Kennedy and Nixon linger in the past, while their behavior seems to strain toward the future. Beyond the problem, for conservatives, of what

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to do in the 1960 campaign, is a more fundamental problem that was bluntly, and even brutally, posed by the conventions. Just what *is* conservatism in this period ahead? The conservative attitude and values are a permanent human heritage, and the conservatives' ultimate philosophical principles are timeless. But the application of this attitude, these values and these principles must by the nature of the case be related to the context of changing institutions, practical problems, and historical circumstance.

Whatever we conservatives decide about the 1960 election, it will prove a victory if it serves to provoke us into seeking more convincing answers than any of us have yet found to this deeper, and decisive, question.

Powers from the Lubyanka

Newsweek magazine this week scooped its rivals by printing three letters purportedly written by U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers to his wife Barbara. Washington analysts are puzzled, debating whether internal contradictions suggest that Powers 1) has been brainwashed, or 2) "is trying to tell us something." The letters reflect remorse whose exact object is undefined: "Darling I am very sorry for the mess I have made out of our lives. . . . Needless to say my life would be much different if I had it to live over again." And remarkable faith in his Kremlin-appointed attorney: "I have talked to him several times and feel sure he will do his best and that is all I can ask of anyone." Experts in the techniques and effects of brainwashing stress these two passages as indication that Powers indeed has been brainwashed—that is, they add cautiously, if he needed to be in the first place. But the most puzzling passage is Powers' description of how he left his plane.

Although the accepted story is that Powers' plane had a flame-out and that he had to bail out at 37,000 feet after it was hit by Soviet fire, some aviation experts claim that he actually stayed in the U-2 all the way down. The Powers letters declare that he bailed out, but do not explain the circumstances: "I could not use the ejection seat because of G [gravity, used as the measure of acceleration] forces and had to climb out. My chute opened immediately how I don't know, I don't remember pulling anything." What bothers aeronautics and brainwashing experts alike is that this account is technically impossible. The ejection seat in the U-2 is designed to overcome G force resistance—that is, in fact, the purpose of having a mechanical ejection system. A mechanical failure could have prevented its operation, but Powers (a veteran pilot, thoroughly familiar with his plane) specifically states that it failed because of the G forces. Now, if the G forces were great enough to prevent the seat from ejecting, *Powers could not possibly have got out of his plane* by his own bodily exertion.

Powers writes "my chute opened immediately." If such had really happened, Powers' neck would have broken immediately, for there is simply not enough air at 37,000 feet to cushion the shock. Experiments during World War II showed that pilots bailing out at altitudes approaching 30,000 feet suffered broken necks. Air Force pilots are forbidden to open chutes at altitudes above 10,000 feet, and experienced test pilots declare they don't open their chutes until 5,000 feet or below.

Parachutes of the type Powers had are designed so that they can be operated manually or automatically. They are equipped with special barometer-type instruments that automatically open the chute at an altitude below 10,000 feet, should the pilot black out. This may explain why Powers doesn't remember "pulling anything," but it does not explain why he maintains that the chute opened "immediately." Nor is his story that he climbed out of his plane feasible.

What the Powers letters do indicate is that he not only has forgotten, or deliberately distorted, the facts which would support his version of events, but has forgotten also—and the Russians have not known—some of the basic facts that govern high-altitude flights. These letters become a tantalizing part of the record of the approaching Show Trial that James Burnham discusses in this issue.

Castro Down. Out?

As we write, it is impossible to be sure just what has happened to Fidel Castro. Early rumors give a choice among wounds from an assassination attempt, cancer of the rectum disclosed by an operation, schizophrenia, house arrest, internal hemorrhage, hepatitis and death. The medical bulletin rather pointedly mentioned his need for a complete "mental" as well as physical rest. NATIONAL REVIEW'S own sources say "lung cancer," which seems plausible.

Whatever the answer, there is abundant external evidence of what the French call a *crise de regime.* Nothing less than a crisis would have caused brother Raúl Castro to cut short his Moscow briefing and rush back home.

We feel surer about the political than the physical prognosis. It looks as if Castro is on the way out of political life, even if his physical life goes on unabridged—which is doubtful, because in a man like Castro the two can seldom be separated. Castro, as we have explained in some detail, belongs to the charismatic type of leader. The touch of failure, negation, mere normal human frailty quickly corrodes the magic by which the charismatic leader holds the

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obsessed masses in personal thrall. The masses are likely to interpret even straightforward physical illness as an omen that the magic is withdrawn, that the gods are turning their faces away from their darling. In this the intuition of the masses is usually correct, for the illness of the leader is often in truth an outward sign that he has reached a blind wall blocking his celestial path.

But there is never a "natural" successor to the charismatic leader. Since he is unique, godlike, in his own person the very essence of the movement of history, how can there be another to take his place? Therefore there must be a struggle for the succession as he moves offstage. This is what seems to have begun beneath the Cuban surface.

This means, in turn, that not merely the regime but the half-born Castrovian revolution may be approaching a general crisis. Castro's political exit is (if it is indeed at hand) "premature." No single individual has emerged with authority enough to take over the helm unchallenged. There is no Castrovian "party" that has a substantial structure independent of the person of the leader. The Communist Party is sufficiently organized and has moved fast and deep. But its entire long-term Latin American strategy would be jeopardized if it were forced at this point to take control of Cuba openly under its own banners.

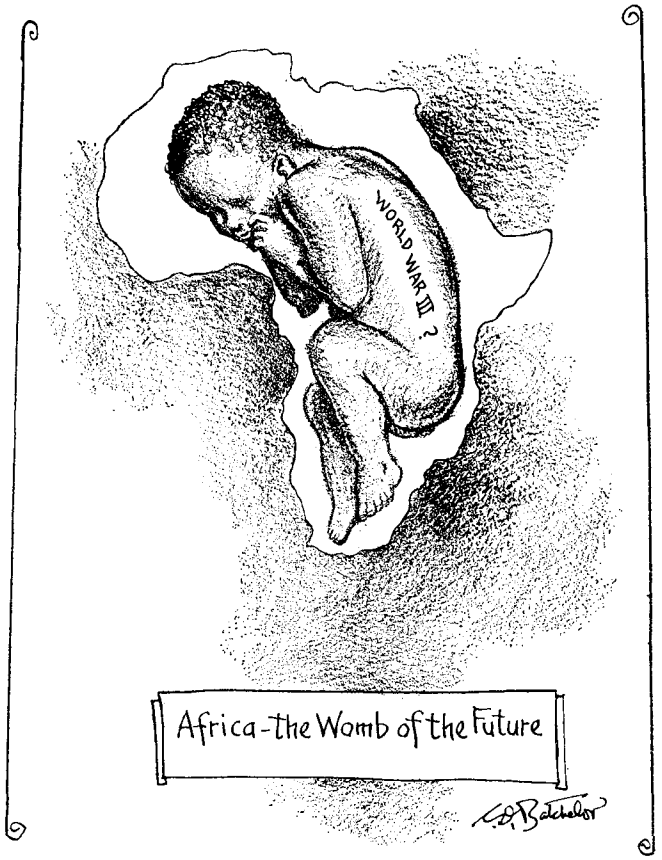
In this conjuncture, therefore, there is and for a time will be a favorable chance for Cuba to free itself from *barbudos* and Communists alike, and to rejoin the free community of American nations. Unfortunately, Castro's exit is, or would be, premature also for the anti-Castro, anti-Communist opposition, at home, in exile, and among Cuba's friends. The opposition, too, is unorganized, and neither psychologically nor politically prepared.

The race, with Castro disqualified, will be swift and ruthless.

Political Talk and Economic Reality

In 1932, as ironists are fond of reminding us, Franklin D. Roosevelt campaigned on a platform that demanded a balanced budget and an end to Hoover's "waste." But time, the depression and the surging river of reform washed that particular platform right out from under the Rooseveltian hosts.

This year John Kennedy, who aspires to stake out his New Frontier on even higher spending ground than any reached in the years of New and Fair Deals, will campaign on a platform whose welfarist planks carry with them a potential bill for some twenty billion extra budgetary dollars. Despite Mr. Kennedy's bland assurances that he can get the money



out of an expanding volume of business, spending on any such massive scale would inevitably be inflationary, as every responsible economist, including Mr. Kennedy's own advisers, knows.

Just what effect would the Kennedy program have on the position of the U.S. in international markets? On the one hand, it would certainly compound the foreign-trade troubles of a high-cost economy: with prices going still higher inside the U.S., just how could we expect to tempt foreign buyers? Secondly, with foreign sales down and the dollar weakened, the gold loss of the past two or three years would almost certainly be intensified. The U.S. cannot dilute its currency further without causing foreigners to cash in their bank balances and investments in this country for the monetary gold which it is quite legal for them (though not for us citizens) to demand.

Other nations—Britain and France in particular—have found in recent years that welfarism cannot be pushed indiscriminately without regard to its effects on monetary positions. And because these other nations have made this salutary discovery, the world drift toward inflation has been arrested. Jack Kennedy, whose father must have told him the financial facts of life at a fairly young age, is apt to discover that he is no more able to stem the inflationary tides than Macmillan, de Gaulle or Adenauer.

In which case the irony of the Democratic platform of 1932 may be repeated—in reverse.

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From a Post-Convention Basket

Item: The Nixon-Rockefeller entente stops short of making Leonard Hall *persona grata* in New York State. The understanding is that the Republican Presidential campaign in New York will not be managed by Hall, who made an enemy of Rockefeller by his vigorous campaign for the gubernatorial nomination in 1958 . . . The fact that both Hall and Thruston Morton have been retained as Nixon's campaign aides is no accident. It is Nixon's way of trying to conciliate midwestern GOP leaders who had hoped, to the end, that Walter Judd or Thruston Morton—both liked by conservatives—be picked for the number two spot.

Item: Nixon and Lodge are the twosome Moscow would most like to see lose. Second echelon Soviet diplomats in Europe are telling their diplomatic counterparts that a Nixon victory in November will increase the war fever in the Kremlin. Radio Moscow had this to say about Lodge (Aug. 2): "It would be hard to find his equal in spreading falsehoods and insinuations. It would be hard to find another man who has worked so hard for cold war and to aggravate the strain among countries."

Item: (Scrambling Egghead Department) A behind-the-scenes split is developing between the two wings of the enormous phalanx of eggheads drawn up behind candidate Kennedy. Paul Nitze, Burton Marshall, Hans Morgenthau and others of the neo-Acheson group centered in the School for Advanced International Studies, which gives weight to strategic and geopolitical factors, take rather a dim view of the Harvard "public need," New Frontier crowd—Walter Lippmann, J. Kenneth Galbraith, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., W. W. Rostow—that made their switch in time from Stevenson.

Item: Mrs. Roosevelt thinks Chester Bowles would be the next-best-man-after-Adlai Stevenson for the State Department post because "he has one of the most fertile minds I've ever known."

Item: Nixon is known to favor revising the depreciation rules for rapid write-off of machine tools—which should increase his popularity with business interests. . . Bankers leery that Kennedy election might threaten the independence of the Federal Reserve System defended under Eisenhower; it would surely mean the resignation of John McChesney Martin, its independence-minded chairman.

Item: The Texas delegation in Chicago came within a hairsbreadth of spearheading a floor fight on the federal aid for school construction plank. Reason: the

"As the Oracle from New York, I feel qualified to speak with complete authority on Human Dignity in Alabama and the Congo."

subcommittee on education had voted 10 to 1 against aid for school construction, but the one vote was that of subcommittee chairman Sen. Gordon Allot of Colorado, who refused to record the adverse vote. When the platform was adopted, with a recommendation for the use of federal funds for school construction (the full committee had reached that decision, overturning the wishes of the subcommittee), Rep. Bruce Alger of Texas started to lead a floor fight. He refrained when persuaded this would be just one more battle the conservatives would lose.

Item: When Mrs. Charles Edison, wife of former Gov. Edison of New Jersey, heard that Nixon was holding a conference on his Vice Presidential candidate, she clapped her hat on her head (it was 2:30 A.M.) and marched to the Blackstone Hotel surrounded by a bevy of vainly restraining gentlemen—her husband among them—to tell Mr. Nixon he should choose Judd. She got to Nixon's suite, but was barred from entering by the secret service men at the door. Given a few minutes with Nixon, the gallant lady is sure she could have swung it.

Item: The selection of Lodge, an Easterner, an internationalist and Liberal so far as domestic policy is concerned, means trouble for three Republican midwestern Senators, Mundt of South Dakota, Martin of

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Iowa, and Schoeppel of Kansas, who had hard fights on their hands as it was.

Item: The *Worker* had only this to say of Barry Goldwater, that he was supported by "McCarthyites," "American Firsters," "ultraconservatives" and "reactionaries."

Special Session Hangover

The Democrats, in control of both Houses of Congress, believed that they were putting their money (and ours) on a sure-fire winner when they voted an extra post-convention session. How could they lose? Democratic majorities would pass a series of handout bills, each tailored to a large bloc of voters: on housing, medical care, school construction, farm surpluses, and minimum wage. If the President vetoed them, then he, Mr. Nixon and the Republican Party would be blamed for callous disregard of the needs of citizens (and voters). If he was constrained to sign them, or if they could be passed over the Presidential veto, then the Democrats and their candidates would harvest, come election day, a crop of grateful ballots.

As the session opens, it looks a good deal more like a boomerang than a lever. Both Democratic candidates are members of Congress, though their positions are now awkwardly reversed, with the Senate leader become the party subordinate. They have maneuvered themselves under a spotlight that will expose their mistakes more surely and pitilessly than their triumphs. Meanwhile Ambassador Lodge will be safe behind the UN facade. Mr. Nixon can preside from his Olympian and normally non-voting Senate chair, or scurry about the country laying down a critical barrage.

If nothing much gets done, the Democrats may be held responsible for reneging on their loud promises. If they pass the kind of big-spending bills they have talked about, veto messages can be turned into slashing attacks on inflation-breeding fiscal irresponsibilities. And how will candidate Kennedy reconcile his Los Angeles call for "sacrifices" with a congressional crusade for handouts?

Trouble even more disturbing may be in store for the tacticians of both parties. There are some signs that, in this post-Summit world of missile threats and Congo chaos, citizens in search of a leader may not judge that a readiness to shovel out Treasury checks is the highest qualification for national office. The citizens may even begin to hanker after a man who would say *No* now and again, even when a *No* risked losing a few votes instead of buying them.

Our guess is that both parties, before it is over, will wish they had never heard of this special session.

For the Record

The anti-Trujillo faction in the State Department which kept Dominican Republic from sharing cancelled Cuban sugar quota, predicts the Generalissimo will be out in sixty days . . . and who in?. . . . One State Department group mulling a "bombshell" approach to Cuba: an offer of statehood. . . . **Not so funny now that Fidel Castro is ill, his statement of 18 months ago: "If you think I'm radical, wait until you see my little brother."** . . . It's now official, the Castro government has invited Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán, former Communist President of Guatemala, to make his permanent home in Cuba. Guzmán has been in Havana for a month.

Two American foundations which engage in medical research have been asked to take over, supervise and staff the medical facilities in the Congo left untended by the Belgians. . . . **Several American Negroes, prominent in the U.S. Communist Party, are in the Congo.** . . . Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, dropped from government work as a security risk in 1954, will represent the International Atomic Energy Agency (a United Nations organization headed by a former U.S. Congressman, Sterling Cole) at a University of Rochester conference later this month. . . . A device which will filter strontium 90 (dangerous fallout product) from milk is being tested in St. Louis.

Representative Alvin Bentley of Michigan an easy victor in last week's Republican senatorial primary. He promises a vigorous campaign against labor-backed Democratic Senator Pat McNamara. . . . In Pennsylvania, Republican congressional candidate Arthur Sharron, hard anti-Communist and outspoken conservative on domestic issues, making headway in his campaign to unseat ADA favorite Representative William Moorhead in 28th District. . . . **Highly recommended to school boards, three study books on the Constitution published by Patriotic Education, Incorporated (P.O. Drawer 988, DeLand, Florida.)**

Mrs. Bandaranaike, first woman ever to head a republican government (Ceylon), has in a single week announced she will keep both the Defense and External Affairs portfolios herself, ordered the nationalization of the press that opposed her Popular Front coalition and—banned *Time* magazine, which greeted her accession to power with a few untimely comments.

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National Trends

Goldwater's Leadership: an Assessment

L. BRENT BOZELL

Senator Barry Goldwater had come a long way. A year ago he was a personable right-wing senator, highly admired in conservative circles for the way he faced down labor leaders and survived, but without very much power in the Senate, or in his own party, and without much of a popular following outside the narrow ranks of conservative militants. Now, as the Republic convention drew to a close, he wore three hats, each of which made him a national luminary—and, potentially, a national power.

He was, first, a member of the triumvirate that had dominated the convention: Nixon, Rockefeller, Goldwater. Along with the other two, Goldwater had entered the fray with a distinctive position on public policy. With that leverage he had captured the public's attention and commanded newsmen's attendance: throughout, a headline was his for opening his mouth. In the end it was Goldwater's attempt to batten down the starboard hatch, equally with Rockefeller's promise to secure the portside, that enabled Nixon's shaky ship to hoist the flag of "party unity."

Second, he had emerged as the sentimental favorite of the party rank-and-file. Considering the delegates themselves, it was universally conceded that in an open convention Barry Goldwater would have won their nomination for Vice President. And some observers said that if the delegates had been free to vote their preferences, he would have been nominated for President. His magnanimity after being denied a sniff of either nomination—after failing, what is more, to get a word of his into the party platform—greatly endeared him to those who admire "team spirit." Even more significant, if a small sampling of post-convention sentiment can be trusted, was Goldwater's impact on Republicans who stayed home and watched him perform on TV. I speak now of Republicans who do not wear their ideology on their sleeves—who, if the truth were known, have very little ideology to wear. Here, with people who had scarcely heard the name before, a Goldwater "image" took shape: a plain-spoken man with Principles (never mind what principles) and Courage (we need men of courage)—who is nonetheless worldly enough to avoid the pitfalls of intransigence.

A Hero's Welcome

Third, he had become the undisputed leader of the conservative movement. Not since Taft had there been such a leader. Indeed, Goldwater's ascendency was more remarkable than Taft's. The late Senator had organized his power through years of legislative battle and maneuver, and in a series of hard-fought Presidential campaigns. Goldwater organized nothing. He simply girded himself with a rounded position on public affairs, and walked onto the stage. His acceptance by the movement was due in part to what he said, and in part to the way he said it—to a personality and style that had elements of political magic. It was due also to the desperation mood of a political movement that had lost confidence in itself, and had begun to think dispiritedly and unhealthily in terms of a Messiah. Goldwater's elevation was not a political triumph, but a hero's welcome. As such, the position presented unique opportunities — and some dangers. Since he had risen in the movement with commitments neither to men nor to concrete programs, he might be able, should he choose to lead, to provide a new rhetoric, new tactics, new emphases. And in virtue of his newly-established personal appeal to ideologically neutral Republicans, he might give the movement a numerical base far broader than anyone dreamed was presently possible. But by the same token—since neither its men nor its programs had long been associated with him—Goldwater's hold on the movement was necessarily precarious. Should he often move unwisely—or, worse still perhaps, not move at all—the Chicago affair might never be regularized into a marriage.

And so the question arose whether Barry Goldwater, with his several bases of power, understands power and knows how to use it. He had demonstrated during his rise from obscurity a keen sense of the possible, and a sure command of the soft-sell. He had eased his personal image onto the public consciousness without a scrape—certain proof today, in the case of a conservative, of a deft political touch. But as he moved toward the political periphery of power, and had to deal increasingly with political forces rather than with the needs of an individual career, the Senator's record was not quite so impressive.

There are two such forces that Goldwater came to lead—the dissident right wing of his own party, and the conservative movement in general. And while each depended on the other for political relevance—a fact never lost on Goldwater until, perhaps, his final speech in Chicago—these were distinct forces with distinct problems of leadership. It is therefore proper to weigh Goldwater's performance a) as a strategist and tactician for a party faction aspiring to majority power, and b) as a leader of an ideological movement with interests that transcend party.

As faction chief, Goldwater's strategy in the pre-convention months was perfectly clear. By beating the drums for conservative views and thrusting them into public prominence, he would try to reach Richard Nixon's hypersensitive political antennae and thus veer him to the right. And it was the only strategy, of course, that Goldwater could have adopted, given both his attachment to conservative principles and his intention to remain in the Republican Party. Yet it was also a futile strategy unless he could believably hold forth the possibility of a conservative defection. Here is the central principal of successful minority maneuver in a fluid political system: *the minority must impress upon the power center from which it seeks concessions the fact that failure to grant them may mean loss of support.* Without a believable threat—whether it is to stay at home, or not to work, or to bolt—

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the minority has no leverage, and thus has no power. This does not mean the threat must be carried out; only that it be made. Senator Goldwater seemed to appreciate the ingredients of political leverage, as the unsubtle reminder often expressed during the spring that "Dick Nixon" would "lose the election" unless conservative views were taken into account. But the absolute indispensability of leverage seemed to escape him—an impression confirmed by the last days in Chicago. If he was threatening to withhold support, it was not clear that he meant business. Nelson Rockefeller, meanwhile, was conveying a very different impression. And as the convention opened, Dick Nixon—far from being lured to the right—was steadily moving the other way.

The Nixon-Rockefeller Pact angered Goldwater and drove him to the heights of political leadership. Quickly summoning a press conference, he lashed out at Nixon's "surrender to the left." Within the hour he issued another blistering statement denouncing the Pact as "the Munich of the Republican Party," and pointing the authoritative finger of rank-and-file dismay at "the spectacle of these two party leaders grandly assuming the responsibility of dictating to the platform committee and to the convention the beliefs of the Republican Party." "Can we really expect [the American people] to respect us and trust us and vote for us," he asked, "when we proclaim openly that our platform—supposedly the repository of our deepest convictions—is the result of a political deal?" Now Goldwater was at the door of opportunity, for he was spokesman not only for an ideological group, *a party faction,* but for the integrity of the party processes. The leverage he may not have been able to summon during the spring because of the numerical weakness of his faction was now his as the commander of forces that swept aside factional lines. But it was a situation that required instant and continuous exploitation, in the only place where popular dissent can be effective, the *public forum.*

In the hours and days that followed, Goldwater worked manfully and masterfully behind the scenes, rallying spirits and giving tactical guidance to the ever-dwindling majority on the platform committee. Never once in the hotel-room confrontation did he give ground on his opposition to "the deal." But in the public forum he did not sustain the challenge. Though his position was always clear, he never again raised hell about it, and that was a serious error. Richard Nixon could never be checked — *i.e.,* be forced to grant concessions—behind the scenes. The only hope was in nurturing a growing public scandal to which Nixon might be expected to give the same attention that he gave earlier to the threat of obstructionism from New York.

Opportunities Missed

Goldwater also seemed to lose sight of the importance of leverage in his final address to the convention. That he had to, and should have, rallied behind Nixon and asserted the superiority of the Republican platform over the Democratic, is not open to question. But was it wise to wash away the differences that give the party's conservative faction its identity? Would it not have been wiser, both through tone and emphasis, to raise the flag of a Loyal Opposition? Richard Nixon would still be maneuvering in the first week of November, and always in response to one thing, political power. This was not the time for the spokesman of the party's right-wing power to burn his bridges.

In his broader role as leader of the conservative movement, one of the courses open to Barry Goldwater was to allow his name to be put into nomination for the Presidency, and voted upon, as a symbolic gesture of resistance, and as a point of departure for 1964. Throughout the convention Goldwater listened sympathetically to those who urged this course on him, and he finally rejected it on the grounds that more harm than good would accrue to the movement from a formal tabulation of delegate strength. Ironically, it was Goldwater's growing power in the convention that cast doubt on the possibility of a fruitful gesture. As long as his strength was around fifty votes, the "symbolic" gesture could be made. But as more and more defections occurred, the idea took on the proportions of a semi-serious candidacy, and seemed to hand the press an open invitation to measure Goldwater's appeal by a spurious test—the number of delegates that might break loose on their own motion from the Nixon machine. Neither the Senator nor his aides sought out support, but on the Tuesday before the nomination he had received firm pledges from 135 delegates. Len Hall ventured that the number would run at least to 200, and the event would probably have brought the total nearer 300. That would indeed have been more than a gesture, and under the circumstances, Goldwater was probably wise to avoid the invidious comparison with Nixon. The full-throated floor demonstration that preceded his withdrawal turned out to be symbolic gesture enough, and provided a grander moment for the conservative faithful than before the convention they had any right to expect.

Then came the speech—wherein the movement, as well as the faction, took some licks. Again it was the fuzzing over of differences—about the platform, and between himself and Nixon—that did the damage. The conservative cause makes one demand of its leaders and on this point it cannot be denied: its distinctive principles must be kept out in public view and preserved as a political alternative. The movement may have to make alliances with uncongenial political mechanisms, as Goldwater thinks it must, but it can never afford to support uncongenial candidates while muting its voice.

Nor was it wise, let alone generous, for a movement's newly-crowned leader to address his followers as naughty children. Conservatives, at that moment, deserved better than a scolding. "Let's forget it?" "Grow up?" Ah, but long memories and a bit of brashness had played no mean role in making that speech and that moment possible. And it was certain there would never be another such moment at a national convention of the Republican Party if that counsel were heeded. Conservatives, however, were not likely to heed it. They could probably be counted on to heed Barry Goldwater's more typical advice—to try to make political parties and candidates come to them. And they were likely to be telling him this in the post-convention aftermath—as *their* contribution to *his* cause, as well as to the larger one to which he had given, withal, so many splendid gifts.

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Special Report

Behind the Congo Crisis

PHILIPPA SCHUYLER

Brussels

Refugees are still arriving each day in Brussels from the Congo, many of them wounded and with horrible stories; of wives raped in front of their husbands, of ravished and mutilated girls, of emasculated men, burned dwellings; of intra-tribal warfare waged with all its brutalities, of countless robberies, of indignities, of a world turned upside down. They heatedly demand that Belgium continue to send soldiers to the Congo to protect the foreigners remaining there and the Christian natives who risked their lives to defend the whites. "We Colonials have been betrayed twice in a single generation" is their bitter cry, "and by our own government." The man on the street agrees with the returnees that the King acceded to the wishes of the Congolese leaders with unnecessary speed at the Round Table conference in Brussels last January and February. Many believe the government may fall. They even talk of an end of the monarchy.

Right now it is not good to be black in Brussels. Cinemas ask for the passports of all Africans before admitting them because of the inflammatory nature of the newsreels being shown of the Congo atrocities. Most Africans are leaving Belgium for Paris.

Psychologically, the Belgians have been deeply humiliated. Financially, the country is facing ruin because of the economic disruption in the Congo and the promises made to Belgian administrators in the Congo that when they eventually returned—which was thought to be some years hence—they would get new posts in Belgium or receive pensions. But Belgium is already more thickly populated than India.

Most Belgians thought Katanga should be allowed to secede and the Katanganese helped. But the Socialist leaders who precipitated the crisis will probably go along with Patrice Lumumba. And yet, any skeptic, observing the personalities and problems presented at the Round Table conference, could have foretold what would happen, and should have realized that the Communists were deeply involved.

Patrice Lumumba had arrived for the conference from a prison cell (this time, he was jailed for inciting riots in Stanleyville). His term had two more months to run, but it was decided that it would be better to have Lumumba at the Round Table than to find him opposed to the agreements made there later. Lumumba was on his good behavior at the conference; he was described as "very courteous" and made no objections to any of the resolutions adopted there.

The most disturbing man at the conference was Joseph Kasavubu, now President of the Congo, who can be regarded as a moderate *only* when contrasted to Lumumba (it's like picking between Hubert Humphrey and Wayne Morse). He was evasive and stubborn. The oriental cast of his features (he is half Chinese) lent him an aura of mystery which was further enhanced by a disappearance of ten days during which it was reported he had met with French and East German leftists at the Franco-German border. He refused to endorse either Resolutions #8 or #13 under which the Congo government would guarantee the life and property of all foreigners, and continue most Belgians in administrative posts for some time to come.

Responsible Spokesman

Moise Tshombe—a successful businessman—emerged at the Round Table as the responsible spokesman for the mineral-rich Katanga province. He was the only Congolese who spoke English as well as French. Even then he favored a federal system of government which would give Katanga a large degree of autonomy. "Katanga," he stated, "provides 65 per cent of the Congo's national revenue, and will not feel inclined to feed the Congo treasury if the central government is dominated by extremist elements which want to launch the Congo on a path of adventure." His words were to prove more prophetic than he or the Belgian negotiators imagined.

In the Katanga parliamentary elections on June 1, which I witnessed, Tshombe's pro-Catholic and conservative party, the Conokats, was opposed by the leftist Cartel party which is composed to a large extent of immigrant mine workers led by leftist officials of the Elizabethville University. This university which Belgian Socialists insisted be founded to combat the influence of the Catholic university of Louvanium, just outside Léopoldville, has a staff of 30—and a student body of 36 Africans. When it was apparent that only three members of the Cartel party would win election to the Katanga Senate (as against six Conokats), the Cartelists stormed out of the Assembly and thus helped block Tshombe's election as President of the Assembly and, in turn, helped throw the later Léopoldville national election to the parties of the Left, particularly Lumumba's National Congo Movement (NCM) and Kasavubu's Abako party.

Lumumba's Anti-Americanism

Lumumba's anti-West, anti-white sentiments—never a closely-held secret—were ventilated in his inaugural address when he castigated the outgoing Belgian regime as "one of shameful oppression." At the same time, his Minister of Information, Acinet Kashamura, was declaring, "Once we are recognized by Russia we won't have to keep promises to Belgium." And Kashamura's ministry, in this same period, either authorized or instigated an anti-West, pro-Communist propaganda barrage on the part of the Congo press and radio.

When the troops mutinied Lumumba reacted with violent anti-American speeches; he accused the U.S. of helping the Belgians and called on the Soviet Union for aid. But a few days later, the picture was reversed. Lumumba hurried to New York to speak to UN officials; he soft-pedaled his pro-Communist appeals and engineered it so that his reported deal with Edward Detwiler, an American

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businessman, made the headlines.

Why the change? Because Katanga had seceded and seemed to be getting away with it. Lumumba and Kasavubu were prevented from setting foot in the province; their newly-appointed general, Victor Lundula, and his escort were slapped into jail in Katanga July 9th. In addition, leaders of Kivu and Kasai provinces and of the Ruanda-Arundi territory indicated a desire to join Katanga and set up a state of their own. A group of dissident members of Lumumba's own NCM was bitterly critical of his appeal for Soviet troops, and six of his cabinet members resigned.

Lumumba needed the support of the West—and went after it with all the craft at his command. And won at least the initial round. United Nations troops have now been ordered into Katanga; the moderate and pro-West Tshombe, it would appear, is to be sacrificed to the fiction that the Congo is a nation, and Patrice Lumumba its savior.

Katanga's Case

(Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, who, on the basis of an extended trip to the Congo earlier this year expressed grave doubts that it would survive its own independence [NATIONAL REVIEW, *June 18], reports here on Katanga Province, now locked in bitter dispute with Lumumba's government.)*

During a lengthy stay in the region of Elizabethville, earlier this year, it was clear to me that the European no less than the African element in the Katanga region viewed its absorption by a relatively centralist "Republic of the Congo" with reluctance and dismay. I had long talks with engineers, workers, miners, tradespeople, visited the editorial offices of the two local papers (both "racially mixed"), inspected the smelters and mines in Kipushi and Lubumbashi and took trips into the surrounding countryside.

What emerged from these contacts and discussions was the following. This highly industrialized region, dominated partly by the *Union Minière du Haut Katanga,* is by far the richest region of the Congo. The *Union Minière* alone paid more than 50 per cent of the taxes of the whole colony. The Katanga province provided more than two-thirds of the colonial ("national") income. Highly paternalistic and brilliantly organized, the *Union Minière* paid attractive wages, comparable to European scales. The cooperation between black and white was excellent.

Tensions existed only between the "local" and the immigrant colored workers, and never assumed a character as grave as in the Lower Congo or the Kasai region. It is this good interracial understanding, in an industrialized set-up, which created a common white-black front against a unitary state. There was, even then, a fair amount of ill-will against "Leo" (Léopoldville), the big sprawling city with skyscrapers, developed mostly with Katanga money—a faraway place from which the Katangese derived no joy, profit or satisfaction.

Precisely because the society of the Katanga region —on an average 4,000 feet above sea level, without jungles or tropical character—had an industrial outlook, it showed more sanity, balance of judgment and intellectual maturity than any other place in the Congo. The Lower Congo, the Kasai or the Equatorial and Oriental Provinces had a genuinely primitive, tribal society, living partly in the jungle, partly in the rapidly grown suburbs of huge cities where unemployment and demagoguery ruled supreme. (Lumumba and Kasavubu are products of such surroundings.)

The miner in the Katanga mine and the worker in the smelter, well-paid, well-fed and well-dressed, soon came to think and act in rational terms. They knew by experience what knowledge and skill it takes to run complex modern machines. An error could cause an immediate loss of material if not of life.

Even then criticisms and resentment against "Leo," but also—from the Europeans—against Brussels were strong. Even stronger was the suspicion in which the Kantagese held the loud-mouthed politicians in the north and west of the Congo. Still, the Brussels government, knowing that without Katanga the rest of the Congo would be a bankrupt mass of jungles, swamps and rivers, refused to yield to strong local pressure.

When the *Force Publique* (*i.e.*, the Army) suddenly disintegrated a few days after independence was granted (a collapse nobody expected), and this once-splendid organization was transformed almost overnight into a looting and raping rabble, the Katanga region seceded. The local Premier, Tshombe, an intelligent and rather wealthy merchant, declared the Katanga province an independent Republic and appointed a Belgian officer its military commander. Brussels, on the other hand, was extremely reluctant to accept this new political unit, afraid that its recognition would be interpreted by the rest of the Congolese as a sly maneuver to carve up the Congo and take the best parts under Belgian protection.

This, however, is probably not the end of the drama. The future of the Congo under the leadership of the embezzler Patrice Lumumba is uncertain. In Belgium the demand for quick recognition of Katanga is becoming louder as the disintegration of the Congolese Republic gains momentum. NATO, too, has an important stake in Katanga: not only in its tin, copper and uranium but also in the military establishment and airdrome of Kamina, which should not be sacrificed to the crazed and criminal folly of "democracy" and "anti-colonialism."

E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

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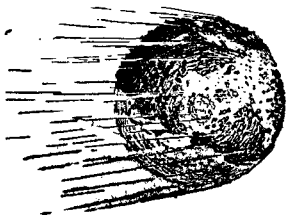

The Powers Show Trial

JAMES BURNHAM

The American public is not being prepared for the trial of U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers, scheduled to open August 17 in Moscow, before the Military Collegium of the Supreme Soviet Tribunal.

Unless we have learned, or are instructed, otherwise, we will inevitably think of this "trial" in the sense of our own juridical tradition. A criminal trial, as we understand it, has a twofold objective: to establish the facts concerning an action at issue; and to apply the law to those facts. It is the business of the judge to apply the law. It is the business of the jury —after hearing one version from the prosecution, another from the defense —to establish the facts.

There are thus four distinct and independent parties to one of our trials: judge; jury; plaintiff, which in a criminal trial is the state represented by its prosecutor; defendant, represented by the defense attorney. Each of these parties expresses a separate interest, and is protected and encouraged in expressing it vigorously.

Their Trials and Ours

The kind of trial that will be held in Moscow this month has nothing in common with our sort of trial. The objective of this Moscow affair will *not* be to establish the facts or—except perhaps incidentally—to apply the law. There will *not* be four parties at interest, or even two. Only *one* interest will be expressed: the political interest of the Soviet state and the world Communist enterprise. *All* participants in the trial—judges (there will be no jury), prosecutor, witnesses, defense attorney, *and* the defendant (*i.e.*, Powers himself); even (wittingly or unwittingly) most of the journalists and spectators—will be representing and expressing that one sole and single interest.

In reality, what will take place in Moscow should be understood not as a trial but as a kind of morality play, a political pageant, with prepared script and rehearsed cast, designed to influence the audience (the world, that is) along lines useful to current Soviet strategy. The script will blend many facts with much fancy, but the exact proportion of truth is irrelevant and immaterial. Nor is it necessary to know *why* Powers will play his role—whether he is a traitor, a coward, an ignorant dupe, or a brainwashed puppet. He *will* play it. Otherwise, the trial would not take place.

Pattern by Stalin

The Powers trial is modeled on the great Moscow Show Trials of the thirties. Three of these trials were produced for the world audience before the same Tribunal that will preside this month: the trials of Zinoviev, Kamenev *et al.* (the "Trotskyite-Zinovievite Terrorist Center") in August 1936; Piatakov, Radek *et al.* (the "Parallel" or "Reserve Center") in January 1937; Bukharin, Rykov, Yadoga *et al.* in March 1938.

The defendants—more exactly, those assigned the role of "defendant" in these charades—were accused of a long list of high crimes and misdemeanors, including terrorism; plotting to restore capitalism, to overthrow the government and kill Stalin; sabotage; conspiracy with foreign powers; espionage. They all not only admitted guilt but actively helped to pad out the weak spots in Vishinsky's script.

In these gigantic spectacles, Stalin had two primary objectives, one of domestic, the other of foreign policy. Domestically, they were part of the process by which he was smashing all remnants and all possibilities of opposition to his own monolithic tyranny. Internationally, the 1936-38 trials were designed to further the "Popular Front against War and Fascism" which was the axis of Soviet policy in that period. Thus, in the first (1936) trial, various of the accused "confessed" that they were agents of "German fascism," and the internal plots were linked to Hitler.

By 1937 the Popular Front strategy had been extended to Asia, so the second and third trial scripts added Japan as a second foreign sponsor.

New Show, New Villain

What, then, are to be the political themes of the Powers trial, the themes for the playing of which the trial is being staged? No special domestic aim has so far been indicated, beyond a routine act to keep one's subjects' noses to the grindstone by pointing to the foreign ogre—who, in 1960, will of course be the United States. We shall learn of the militaristic and aggressive U.S. policy, and how the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration has plotted a preventive attack on the Soviet Union. Quite possibly it will turn out that U-2s and RB-47s are designed not merely for reconnaissance but for carrying H-bombs, especially new little bombs that might be developed through more nuclear tests. In this aggressive policy, Washington will be found to regard the vulnerable peripheral nations, where bases are located, as expendable. The statements made by the two recently defecting West German officers and the U.S. sergeant (all three probably Soviet agents acting on orders) indicate that West Germany may also figure in the trial as co-conspirator in planning aggressive attack and dismemberment.

Will people believe these constructions? There is always someone to believe anything if it is repeated often enough. And if the fairness of the trial is vouched for (as it will be) by some of the journalists present (as Walter Duranty of the *New York Times* and Joe Barnes of the *Herald Tribune* vouched for the trials of the thirties); and maybe by a Western lawyer at hand—Professor John N. Hazard of Columbia, say, now in Warsaw seeking a visa (as D. N. Pritt approved the conduct of those earlier trials); and by the Linus Paulings and Bertrand Russells and Cyrus Eatons whom we have always with us: why, maybe almost all of us will believe this one, just as most of us did the others.

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What Galbraith Says, He Might Do

A distinguished economist analyzes the views of Kennedy's principal economic adviser and warns: There are ways to impoverish an Affluent Society, and Professor Galbraith has them in mind for us.

DAVID McCORD WRIGHT

"Strabismus," in case you are wondering, means squinting or wall-eyed —in other words, looking two ways at once. And nowhere is the ambivalent, schizophrenic nature of modern American culture better exemplified than in John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*. For the most part, to be sure, it is written from the emotional standpoint of a prosperous American commuter who has discovered, to his surprise, inchoate unsatisfied longings in the midst of success. Seeing little save wealth around him, he concludes that the problem of production has about been "solved," and the call is to give some sort of ersatz food to his unsatisfied soul by busying himself in massive welfare plans to clean up the remaining pockets of misery lingering amid our "overwhelming" wealth.

We shall have a good deal to say later about method. But as far as the aim goes it is certainly better to occupy a spiritually-bored soul in good works than in a lot of other pursuits indulged in previous wealthy cultures. Yet just here, and in the last ten pages of the book, when the naive reader is about to put down the volume convinced, the glass shatters, the argument collapses, and a totally different vision appears. For: "Were the Russians to disappear from the world or become overnight as tractable as church mice, there would remain vast millions of hungry and discontented people in the world. Without promise of relief from that hunger and privation disorder would still be inevitable."

It is hard to realize how completely this concession smashes the whole fabric of Galbraith's previous analysis. For all of the book, all of it, depends on the idea that we are so rich now that production is no longer important—that efficiency, adjustment, and incentive are all worn-out survivals of an obsolete "conventional wisdom" and that indeed: "The greatest prospect that we face . . . is to *eliminate toil as a required economic institution*"! ! ! (italics added).

Such ideas of "glut" are nothing new. This writer, in preparing his Ph.D. thesis, Harvard 1940, criticized the then-fashionable notion of "secular stagnation" as economic "isolationism" and "blasphemous inhumanity." The same point can be made against Galbraith. Though Galbraith is a Canadian by birth and a cosmopolitan by education and career, *The Affluent Society,* in its basic outlook surpasses, however unconsciously, the most rabid America Firster. For what it really comes down to, if we scrape the varnish off, never mind whether it was intended that way or not, is a proposal that the United States shut itself up in its own wealth, substitute lassitude for energy, industrial routinism for industrial progress, rigidity for adjustment, and create apparently a *zeitgeist* of some sort of intellectual contemplation mitigated, I presume, by occasional cocktail parties and mowing the lawn. Such activism as remains will be vented in setting up a great central welfare and education system and some charitable gifts abroad—gifts which ten minutes' acquaintance with the statistics will show are bound to be inadequate *no matter how generous*!

Rehash of Keynes

Do we live in a poor world or do we not? That is the real question. *The Affluent Society,* like many better and worse things, is in basic argument simply an expanded rehash of one of Keynes' essays, "Economic Prospects for our Granchildren," in which Keynes talked a great deal of mysticism about "ending the economic problem." And just as Keynes' whole analysis and prescription for the U.K. in his *General Theory of Employment* is deeply crippled by a one-eyed refusal adequately to consider international problems and international needs, so Galbraith, a literal disciple, faithfully repeats the same error. The problem of production can be considered "solved," I submit, if then (the writer is far from convinced) only if we close our minds and eyes to the poverty of Asia, Africa and South America. Galbraith in fact is inviting us to do exactly what he affects to condemn. "We share with all societies at all times the capacity for not seeing what we do not wish to see. Anciently this has enabled the nobleman to enjoy his dinner while remaining oblivious to the beggars around his door."

I realize that Galbraith does make a number of concessions and footnotes. I am, however, discussing his general tone. Perhaps the best way to show the difference between his fundamental outlook and that conventional wisdom, to the abuse of which he has devoted eighteen chapters, is to proceed by examining just what the conventional wisdom *would* recommend for modern American society in its present situation.

The first thing to remember about the conventional wisdom—by which I mean that orthodox economics of which, in its modern and sophisticated form, the writer is an unashamed exponent—is that it is through and through internationalist and peace-loving (not pacifist). It affirms the brotherhood of man, in the most practical of ways, by insisting that the world productive system should be organized in the light of world needs. The "classical" economists, indeed, would have considered it immoral, as well as bad

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economics, for any one region to shut itself off from the rest of the world. What, then, would they recommend now?

Here, they would say, is on the one hand a continent which is relatively wealthy, which may have (perhaps)—they would not have been prepared to concede it out of hand—a superabundance of capital. Here, on the other hand, are other continents languishing for capital and "know-how," restless with the vision of undreamed-of "plenty." What is the answer to this situation—for the rich countries to take out their surplus in effete leisure? By no means. The obvious constructive answer is to continue production *but* to set up mechanisms permitting the transfer of capital from one nation to another. Thus, they would say, both sides will benefit from the exchange.

Altruism plus Realism

The conventional wisdom, however, carried with its altruism an intense realism. It insisted, as an obvious corollary of economic internationalism, that all parties to the game should be prepared to make adjustments and to *keep* making them—that the one thing a growing society could *not* give was uninterrupted routine. Thus, as world output increased, world change, world methods of production would have to change, the pattern of lives, resources and efforts would have to change. And isn't all this true?

The conventional wisdom also had certain ideas about the nature of man. It felt that the dynamic instinct of workmanship was a part of the essential make-up of humanity, that working was not just a means toward satisfaction but in itself *a* satisfaction. "*Laborare est orare.*" Thus, in a society both mentally-healthy and growing, work *as such* must be thought a satisfaction, and one with a high priority. Galbraith is in a hopeless muddle on this one—sometimes praising work, sometimes deriding it. But one wonders where in the world he picked up the extraordinary notion that making money could not be an absorbing and creative task or that, for example, being an investment counsellor was necessarily dull!

Let us return, however, to the conventional wisdom. The conventional wisdom had certain ideas about economic organization. One of these ideas was the fear of convention! It felt that, however altruistic, intelligent and far-seeing a group might initially be, that group, if self-perpetuating and without felt competition, would tend to run down—not necessarily in moral quality but in imaginative power. Scientific and artistic creation alike require new "abstractive schemes," in Whitehead's words, and these new schemes tend to come from new groups. In this connection Galbraith does not mention the recent studies of Professor Jewkes in *The Sources of Invention,* in which practically all of Galbraith's ideas about the means of scientific discovery and its history are severely and factually challenged.

The conventional wisdom then, to sum up, speaks for internationalism, energy, adjustment, variety, diffusion of power, competitive pluralism. Its prescription for the United States today would be to adjust *outward*—not to cut off the growth of its productivity but rather to adjust it to lending to and producing for the whole world. The conventional wisdom would not believe that any people surrounded by hungry neighbors would long be allowed to exist in peaceful enjoyment of wealthy and effete leisure.

But in this program for the conventional wisdom there are other problems beside the attitude *within* the United States. These problems concern the attitudes of the undeveloped countries themselves. The leaders, the intellectuals, of many of the undeveloped countries have been impregnated either by direct or diluted Marxism. They often feel that private investment is original sin and that only via "social" ownership can a "just" and wealthy society be created. Thus, though anyone taking a broad view is bound to see that the greatest possible means of helping world poverty would be not just gifts, but the creation of great world capital markets, relating the growth capacity of Europe and North America to the needs of the rest of the world, this program is largely bogged down by *ideas,* not things—ideas deeply hostile to the whole concept of competitive plural developing adjustment. Caesarism, under one form or another, seems well on its way to rule the world. And over the long pull Caesarism has never created a vigorous society.

What Galbraith Is After

Let us turn now to what Galbraith would do about all this. I have spent most of our time so far on Galbraith's more metaphysical flights: "Escape from the thralldom of productive efficiency," etc. This seems to be justified by his own presentation. In one pregnant sentence he says: "The problem will not be settled by *a resolve to spend more* for schools and streets and other services and to tax

GALBRAITH, J. Kenneth (galbrath'), economist; b. Iona Station, Ont., Can., Oct. 15, 1908; s. William Archibald and Catherine (Kendall) G.; B.S., U. of Toronto, 1931; M.S., U. of Calif., 1933, Ph.D., 1934; student Cambridge U., Eng., 1937-38; LL.D., Bard Coll., 1958; m. Cathrine Atwater, Sept. 17, 1937; children—Alan, Peter, James. Research fellow, U. of Calif., 1931-34; instr. and tutor, Harvard, 1934-39; asst. prof. economics, Princeton U., 1939-42; econ. adviser, Nat. Defense Advisory Commn., 1940-41; asst. administr. in charge of Price Division, Office of Price Administration, 1941-42; dep. adminstr., Office of Price Adminstrn., 1942-43; mem. bd. of editors, Fortune Mag., 1943-48; lectr. Harvard, 1948-49, prof. economics since 1949. Director U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey, 1945; dir. Office of Economic Security Policy, State Dept., 1946. Fellow Social Sci. Research Council, 1937-38. Fellow Am. Acad. Arts and Scis.; mem. Am. Econ. Assn., Am. Farm Econ. Assn. Awarded Medal of Freedom, 1946. Clubs: Harvard (N.Y.); Cosmos (Washington). Author: several books, latest being *American Capitalism,* 1951; *A Theory of Price Control,* 1952; *The Great Crash,* 1955; *The Affluent Society,* 1958. Contributor to economic and sci. jours. Home: 30 Francis Av., Cambridge, Mass.

—*Who's Who in America*

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accordingly. Such decisions are made every day, and they do not come to grips with the causes of the imbalance. These lie much deeper" (italics added). Though the passage is followed by a long discussion of a proposed sales tax to raise federal revenue for schools and other welfare outlay, I believe that the tone of the book justifies attributing to it a broader significance. What Galbraith is really after, I believe, is to effect not just a few changes in revenue and outlay methods, but a cultural transformation of the United States!

Now any fair reader must admit that on the level of subordinate social criticism Galbraith gets in a number of valid and justified hits. I will cite the following trenchant passage which, if exaggerated, is nevertheless not wholly unrecognizable:

> The family which takes its mauve and cerise, air conditioned, power-steered and power-braked automobile out for a tour passes through cities that are badly paved, made hideous by litter, blighted buildings, billboards and posts for wires that should long ago have been put underground. They pass on into a countryside that has been rendered largely invisible by commercial art . . . They picnic on exquisitely packaged food from a portable icebox by a polluted stream and go on to spend the night at a park which is a menace to public health and morals. Just before dozing off on an air mattress, beneath a nylon tent, amid the stench of decaying refuse, they may reflect vaguely on the unevenness of their blessings. Is this, indeed, the American genius?

But apparently mere increased outlay on social services won't do the job! Why not? The truth is that *The Affluent Society,* in one of its aspects, is written about the same problem as this writer's *Democracy and Progress*: If progress is to come through persuasion, how do you persuade? Galbraith, a typical impatient intellectual, sometimes seems about ready to drop the persuasion. Is it an accident that he speaks not of a well *organized* community but of one that is well *run,* well *regulated?* I cannot help feeling that something of this urge underlies his emphasis upon *federal* expenditure. Here I must stop for a subordinate criticism. Galbraith implies in his criticism of advertising that "no similar process operates on behalf of the non-merchantable services of the state." His statement seems to me quite untrue. Who, familiar with political life, can fail to know the quantity of "altruistic" lobbies from the Teachers' Association to the Homes for Blind Mice, constantly operating not merely on the legislatures and Congress, but also on the public mentality via radio, TV, and

J. Kenneth Galbraith

the public prints? Galbraith also gives the impression that it is only the "superior *revenue* position" of the federal government that makes it called upon so often to redress social balance "at the lower levels"—though he admits on the same page that the real revenue superiority is often due to an ability to inflate the money supply! But is it really the superior revenue position of the federal government that lies behind this urge? Is it not rather a combination of two things: superior *vulnerability* to pressure groups, superior ease in the use of *force*?

Intolerant Uniformity

The basic idea of the United States was "E pluribus unum," one out of many, tolerated variety, "agreement to disagree." In my *Democracy and Progress* I said that to say that the believer in democracy must suffer fools "gladly" is an exaggeration—but "suffer fools to some extent he must." One practical reason for the adoption of this rule is that who is a fool often depends upon which corner you are speaking from. But more than that the true democrat must have a certain humility, a certain patience, a certain unwillingness to ram his ideas down the other fellow's throat. Not so the perfectionist intellectual. He will "make you happy" whether you want to be or not, because *he* knows what's right for you, and he will damned well save your soul in spite of you. Ditto the intolerant aesthete. Away with all that old junk, and impose the "right" new artistic pattern. It is precisely to people of this well-intentioned or superior intolerance that the market is anathema. They dislike it precisely because it does force compromise, it does prevent imposition of intolerant uniformity, it does say wait. Such brains dislike the federal system, too, and for the same reason. Whether Galbraith recognizes it or not, I cannot escape the impression that he is heavily tarred with the same brush. Going on, therefore, on the level of subordinate criticism, if the effect of Galbraith's book is to make us more conscious of the need for action to protect social balance in health, education, conservation and so on at the local level, and by tolerant means, he will have done the United States a service. But if the thesis of his book is carried over into practical politics, as it may well be in any Kennedy Administration, and used as propaganda for a centralized welfarism, highly vulnerable to intolerant lobbies, then he will have done the United States a great dis-service. So much for the level of subordinate criticism of modern U.S. culture.

Flirtation with Marx

But Galbraith, we have seen, is not just interested in subordinate criticism and it is time to return to his fundamental "vision." We have seen what the "conventional wisdom" would recommend for the present state of the world. We must summarize again what Galbraith recommends. First for the U.S. we have seen, he says, "escape from the thralldom of productive efficiency"—stick to the out-of-date method, don't adjust, do less work—at any rate in the office and factory. The disastrous effects of this program upon American capacity, and, via that, upon world growth are patent.

But, next, *The Affluent Society* has overtones for foreign attitudes. I have spoken of the role of Marxism in creating an intolerance of the adjustments and incentives needed for growth—especially when market-effected. But what really disturbs me is

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that in this book Galbraith flirts with one of Marx's oddest ideas—his reasons for the falling rate of profit. "The dissenter," says Galbraith, "has failed to see the full subtlety and complexity of Marx's argument. He has somehow oversimplified or vulgarized Marx's position." Significantly, Galbraith does not stop to tell us what the mysterious new explanation is which will justify Marx. But I find myself in agreement here with Mrs. Joan Robinson in thinking that Marx's "explanation" explains nothing. Space is lacking to expound the extremely important issues at stake in this doctrine. I can only say that this is the first time I have found explicit Marxism in Galbraith's writing and that it disturbs me a good deal. If he really believes in the Marxian ideas about surplus value he will be, *ipso facto*, unable to understand the modern world, or to give useful advice to the undeveloped countries.

Like much of Galbraith's work, *The Affluent Society* is beautifully written but with many contradictions, many illogicalities, and replete with errors of fact. But we have concentrated on the main ideas in order to retain proportion. Let us in conclusion, rather, look back into history.

In reading *The Affluent Society*, and relating it to the modern world, I found myself constantly being reminded of the conflict, familiar to classical scholars, between the policies of Julius Caesar and those of his nephew Augustus. Caesar felt that Rome could only be reinvigorated by continued adventure. The adventure he proposed was, to be sure, continued conquest. We, more fortunate, can find all the adventure we need in industrial expansion and scientific discovery. Augustus on the other hand, following more the ideas of Pompey, sought rather to stop adventure, stop change, and fix things up "properly" once and for all. There in Italy of Augustus' reign most citizens had been released "from the thralldom of productive efficiency," security had been "divorced from production," social balance had been achieved (in the cities anyhow) by vast public works, baths, games. A beautiful conventional art and literature had come to dominate everywhere. But did all this lead to a vigorous society and a *continuing* cultural achievement? It did not. Were people even happy? Scarcely. Three centuries later the barbarians were breaking in from all sides to share the loot. Things happen faster these days. If we follow Galbraith, will we have three centuries?

Rave, New World!

Rioting as a Major Sport

WILLIAM GAVIN

In the year 34 A.D. (the thirty-fourth year After Disarmament), the annual Student Riot Festival was finally held in New York City. The mayor, overjoyed and eager to publicize his part in bringing the popular sport to the sport-starved town, made known his feelings in a release to the newspapers.

"New York has always been a great sports town," said the mayor. "The Riot Festival, with all its pageantry and color, will certainly appeal to the many fans of rioting in the metropolitan area. I predict that few will forget this year's Student Riot Festival. It's the biggest sport—where else could it be better appreciated than in the Big City?"

Few students of the game could accuse the mayor of mere chauvinism in his prediction. After years of fielding a second rate squad, the United States team, led by Ed Goiter, the San Francisco Flogger, had made a late season splurge to finish in a tie with the perennial champ, The Tokyo Tornadoes. The eyes of the sports world were riveted on New York. For the first time since the inception of Rioting as a major sport, the United States had a chance for all the marbles.

The Champ Interviewed

It must be said that few actually believed that Tokyo could be beaten. Koto "Stomp-em" Komoyata, the Most Valuable Rioter three years running, was then at the peak of his career. He was the bulwark of a team which had, in a few seasons, been generally accepted as the perfect team. Koto, in an interview, gave his fans a glimpse of what makes a great rioter.

Reporter: Koto, did you always want to be a student?

Koto: That's right! I can remember watching the first few riots and thinking, "Gee, if I could only be in there."

Reporter: What was your first big thrill in the game?

Koto: Well, I'd have to say that the day I first entered college was my biggest thrill. Up till then I had only played sand-lot stuff—you know, just kid stuff. But the first day in school, one of the professors asked us to be quiet or something, I forget. Anyhow, we put on a good one for five hours, really a thrilling affair for a kid!

Reporter: I'll bet! Say, Koto, what do you think it takes to make a good rioter?

Koto: Off-hand, I'd say desire and willingness to train. Too many kids think you can riot without training. It just isn't true. You have to be on your toes.

Reporter: Koto, if you don't mind me saying so, you seem to speak English very well. Is it one of your studies?

Koto: No, no—I picked up what little English I have in the Festival two years ago. We entered the Throwing Contest, free-style, I believe, and I was hit on the head by a Webster's Unabridged. I fiddled around with it a while and found that it might be handy in the Open Riot. I sort of got attached to it, I guess. It sure packs a wallop.

Reporter: Thank you "Stomp-em" Komoyata and good luck to you in the festival.

When informed of the interview, Ed Goiter said, "Koto is a hell of a

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good guy and a fine sport. I know we'll give the fans their money's worth."

Only one columnist gave our boys a chance. She felt that our team was underrated and was truly in the tradition of Student Rioting.

"Few remember," she said, "those few courageous young college pioneers who threw garbage cans at St. Patrick's Day marchers. I feel that goodness and desire to win is truly in the American spirit. I only hope that we, who now enjoy the benefit of world-wide RIOTING, will not forget those few students who gave us a flash of light in the blackness which came after the Reign of Terror. It was from this small start that those wonderful spirited boys in San Francisco received the impetus to voice their heart-felt opinion against a particularly nasty government group which I shall not mention here . . ."

Despite her knowledge of the game, few experts gave our side a chance.

Fine Day for a Riot

The day of the First Game was bright and sunny, a perfect day for a Riot. Powell Stadium was packed to capacity. The games were, of course, being carried by world-wide television. A razor company sponsored the affair, supplying both teams with samples before each game.

The game got off to a spectacular start as Tokyo, spearheaded by the indomitable Koto, destroyed the entire first sixteen rows on their side of the field, scoring twenty-two casualties as against a meager six casualties and three and one-half rows for the United States team.

It must be stated that Ed Goiter was truly the star of the first set. Ed, a graduate student majoring in Hatemongers of the Fifties, could call to mind in a moment the names of those hatemongering, reactionary Neanderthals who so infuriated his squad to peaks of frenzy. A true field captain, he watched his team like a hawk, screaming at the right moment "Jenner," "Un-American Activities Committee," and of course the old war cry "McCarthy!" That one really got 'em.

Still, Ed Goiter's field ability did not match the over-all hysteria that marked the performance of Tokyo. Sessue "Bonehead" Tomomara, the forty-five-year-old sophomore from Tokyo State, together with "Death-March" Schwartz (a ringer, some claimed) accounted for twelve casualties between them. As the first flush of excitement began to wear off, the Tokyo team regrouped, still shouting, but waiting for directions. They were not to wait long.

Punch, Ben Roth

"Which Embassy's this?"

"Freedom!" cried the crowd. "The right of free speech! Student freedom! Academic freedom! Peace!"

With those fiery words to rekindle desire, the Tokyo team rose to new heights. They seemed unbeatable, as they roared and stomped through the crowd, re-echoing the cries of the fans.

Yet, on the other side of the field something was happening. Ed Goiter had brought about a change in his club which made its performance one of the truly memorable comebacks in the annals of Rioting.

As everyone knows, student rioting had been subsidized by the United States government back in the sixties. As the years went on many student voters complained of the meager donations of the federal government to the cause of Education. Each time the President suggested a cut in subsidy, the students rioted. The President, of course (since he was a firm believer in freedom from want), raised the subsidy. And so it went.

Unemployed rioters were given a choice of going back to school or turning "pro." Pro-rioting had never really caught on with the fans, perhaps because of that lack of spirit so lamentable in professional athletics. At any rate, most of the unemployed rioters chose to go back to school on double subsidy from the USRA. (Unemployment and Student Riot Act.)

Ed Goiter, in one of those true flashes of genius evident only in great athletes, had shouted to his lagging team this remarkable speech:

"Students, Freedom is dead in this land! I've been told that the Administration is going to require Rioters to pay a Social Security tax!"

The rest is history. Our team, in one day, caused more damage, mauled more policemen, burned more seats, stomped more spectators than the Tokyo team had in an entire season. The United States had at last come into its own among the Family of Nations!

Perhaps the only sad note connected with the Great Comeback (as it is still lovingly referred to by the fans) was the absence of the mayor on this, his greatest day. Some claim he was stomped beyond recognition in the first surge by our side. Others say he quit his job and went back to college. A search of the recognizable bodies after the game showed no trace of him.

But this did not stop the celebration. For two weeks the United States rioted and roared its happiness to the civilized world.

We had, at last, come of age!

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from HERE *to* THERE

The Private School Myth

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Recently, at a general conference in Washington, D.C., sponsored by the American Alumni Council and the American College Public Relations Association, some representatives of the bigger private preparatory schools foregathered to discuss their money-raising problems. The conversations were instructive. One and all, they returned again and again to a criticism made several years ago by ex-President Conant of Harvard, that private schools are "undemocratic" and should, therefore, be abolished.

The anger at Dr. Conant for "selling out his own" (after all, Harvard itself is a private institution supported largely by voluntary contributions) runs deep and strong among the preparatory school people. Since the Conant criticism has actually deprived them of money needed for scholarship purposes (big industrialists have been loath to give to institutions which a former Harvard president has labelled "undemocratic"), they would like to force a repudiation of the damaging statement.

In all fairness, they have a case. Their argument is that they are democratic, even more democratic than the average high school, in any relevant meaning of the term. (Inasmuch as the public schools themselves have recently gone in for accelerated and "enriched" courses for the "academically talented," we may assume that "democracy" as a levelling egalitarianism in the classroom is no longer desired by anybody of consequence.)

If democracy is a matter of accessibility, of open-ended hospitality to talent in search of preparation for an intellectual career, the private preparatory schools score high. In some places, particularly in the Middle West, the stereotype still persists that private schools are for the rich, the stupid and the children of divorce-broken homes. But the stereotype is—just a stereotype. The truth is that anyone can get into a private school provided he can prove he has an IQ that will enable him to keep up with the work. Money, today, is no criterion.

The preparatory schools have, for the most part, failed to tell their story to big industry, or to well-heeled donors in general, and hence have failed to keep up with the colleges in the matter of scholarship endowments. Nevertheless, the word went out not so long ago at Phillips Andover Academy that the admissions officers were to admit the 250 best qualified boys regardless of financial considerations. The trustees promised to dig up whatever scholarship money was necessary to keep the 250 in school. As a result of this attitude some 30 per cent of Andover students are currently receiving some scholarship support.

This admittedly is a bit on the high side for private schools in general. The average for scholarship aid for the big eastern preparatory schools is in the neighborhood of 20 per cent. But with all the more important schools, the will to provide assistance is there. If a poor boy can "hit" on his aptitude and achievement tests and so indicate that he can keep up with a schedule of academic excellence that is far more rigorous than the average high school schedule, any one of the schools will try to find tuition and board for him.

Not Enough Negroes

Moreover, the question of racial or religious background is immaterial. The schools, in fact, prefer to present a classroom profile that is in keeping with the heterogeneous racial and religious strains in American life. One of their complaints is that they can't find enough Negro applicants with the requisite IQ rating. And they are careful to state that this is not that Negroes lack brains. They blame it on the cultural backgrounds of Harlem, the cabin in the cotton, and Tobacco Road.

So much for democracy of opportunity. Beyond this, the prep schools claim a superior democracy of atmosphere. The average high school, so the prep school people insist, reflects the class and status strivings of the neighborhood. High school students are therefore inclined to be cliquey. But in the private school the tendency is to admire excellence. If a boy whose grandparents came out of a Polish ghetto can play the clarinet, he is accepted to the degree in which he can conjure pleasant sounds from his instrument. If he can play football or qualify for Harvard in "accelerated math" at the college sophomore level, it will not matter that his skin is pigmented.

No doubt this snobbery of excellence, this worship of the IQ, entails its own cruelties. But it is a snobbery that will tend to grow stronger as our society becomes more socialistic—for when men are not winnowed by the accident of birth they will be winnowed more and more by their ability to meet the demands of group-administered tests.

The third test of democracy which the private schools meet is that of the "experimentalism" which is supposed to go with it. Ever since Simon Suggs, the frontier pragmatist of de Tocqueville's day, remarked that "it's good to be shifty in a new country," Americans have linked "experimentalism" with "progressivism." Today, the "experimental" in education is bound up with "meeting the challenge of Sputnik." Talk to any high school principal and he will proudly point to his "accelerated programs" in science and in mathematics. ("Acceleration," as applied to the writing of sentences that parse, is only beginning to catch on.) But the private schools were pioneers in the "experimentalism" of "acceleration." Indeed, if they hadn't been on the scene to experiment with the newer methods of teaching mathematics and the foreign languages, the high schools would have been at a loss for standards of improvement.

The prep schools are flexible because they are voluntary institutions. When they establish the worth of something new—or something so old as to have been forgotten—the Newton, Massachusetts, public school system, for example, can pick it up without angering the taxpayers. Dr. Conant, it would seem, really owes the prep schools an apology.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Jawbone of an Ass

One of the most heartening indications that we may yet accomplish a restoration of learning in America is this: not only are the arguments of the educationist hierarchy nowadays remarkably feeble, but the minds of their leading spokesmen seem no stronger. In the end, intelligence does tell, even in the American school system.

John Dewey's bow having come unstrung, the "permissive" and "progressive" champions of 1960 seem reduced to employing the weapon with which Samson waged war against certain Philistines. The remarkable inanity of some recent utterances at educationist conferences gladdens my malicious soul.

Mountain-Top Approach

For instance, recently there occurred the third annual conference of the Michigan Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards. Don't be deceived by the name: this is a National Education Association outfit, interested in more pay and less study. Its principal speaker was one George G. Mallinson, dean of the school of graduate studies at Western Michigan University—until recently a normal school, but now, to judge by Dean Mallinson's sagacious observations, rapidly making its way toward subnormality.

Teachers need to know little about the subjects they are supposed to teach, Dean Mallinson said, in short. He did confess, though, that "a teacher could not teach a subject in which he had no knowledge whatsoever." (Down with the reaction!) There's no point in acquiring exact scientific knowledge, he argued, because science is always changing, anyhow. "When I studied chemistry in high school in 1931, the neutron had not even been discovered. Yet we were advised to memorize the structure of the atom." Not more than half a prospective teacher's time in college should be spent in mere subject-matter courses, he informed the happy throng of teachers; the rest should be Education. "A mountain-top to mountain-top approach must be taken," he went on, "with the teacher showing the students the milestones on the pathway to learning." (A delightful picture, this, with teacher and pupils bounding like chamois; yet I never have found any milestones on mountain-tops.)

Conspiracy of Numbers

One may ask, what sort of graduate school does Western Michigan have, that such a one as Mr. Mallinson may be a dean? I have at hand rather a succinct answer from a new instructor at a similar normal school turned university; and my friend writes:

"They are going to begin a graduate program here (and at the other state colleges) in combination with the University; as if there were not far too many such places already. This program makes no other excuse for itself than that the teachers need an advanced degree in order to qualify for salary increases. No pretense whatsoever is made as to the need for further training or a desire on their part to improve their education. As I may be teaching a course to these "eager" and not so young minds, I have been interested in their attitude in the past. Presumably they will be the same type that comes back summer after summer to work on undergraduate degrees, having received a teaching certificate after two years. They are tired and feel imposed upon if they are required to do any work for a "C". It is a conspiracy of numbers: a general lack of interest that opposes an environment at all conducive to learning."

Dean Mallinson's auditors seem to have been scholars of the stamp described by my friend; for a report of the conference in the *Detroit News* informs me that the teachers agreed that "personality, enthusiasm, and techniques could do more to make a course interesting to students than just a solid knowledge of the subject." I advise school boards to bear this consensus in mind when next a permissive teacher demands a salary in keeping with the high dignity of a mountain-top bounder.

For Intellectual Recovery

In Michigan as in several other states, the Dean Mallinsons and their following are demanding that more credits in Education be required for teachers' certificates—as if teachers were not wretchedly prepared to teach any real intellectual discipline already. Be of good cheer! A few more progressive champions like Mallinson, and the day is ours. No satirist can burlesque a movement so effectively as can the humorless endeavors of one of its more awkward adherents.

Yet more: the Traditionalists at last are girding up their loins in Michigan, and beating their ploughshares into swords. There has appeared in the field a new association, Michigan Monitors in Education, intended to resist pressures for increasing the number of Education courses, and to work for intellectual recovery. The chief founder is a professor of biology at Michigan State University, Dr. Ralph Lewis. Prudent, cheerful, and a sound scholar, Professor Lewis will not make the mistakes that sometimes vex too hasty adversaries of the Stranglehold on Education. The Monitors will publish a newsletter. They invite scholars, scholarly societies, and interested citizens to join with them. Membership costs a dollar a year for individuals, and five dollars for associations. Subscriptions and correspondence should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. John L. Bouman, 41 East 15th Street, Holland, Michigan.

The power of the NEA and its state affiliates lies in organization, with the political pressures that any resolute association can exert. If in every state of the Union there were to arise such an organization as I expect the Michigan Monitors to be, the educationist stranglehold could be broken in this decade. The Deweyites may have the asses' jawbones; but I think we will find the Samsons.

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A Winchell Among the Poets

HUGH KENNER

Curiosity, aroused curiosity which can tunnel through mountains, which can bring the book to life in the hands and a Schliemann to the buried gates of Troy, is a passion not at present much encouraged. For let a person once notice something, and there is no telling what he may notice next: possibly the unfitness of his mentors, who have their status to safeguard. Mr. Gilbert Highet, for instance, "is Anthon Professor of the Latin Language and Literature at Columbia University, a member of the Board of Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and Chairman of the Editorial Board of Advisors of *Horizon* magazine." He is also "known throughout the country for his popular radio talks." To these responsibilities he brings a mind capable of affirming with some earnestness that between, say, Ogden Nash and T. S. Eliot the typical differences are "differences of technique and purpose between several craftsmen all, it may well be, equally valuable, and, I am sure, all equally conscientious." In undertaking to discuss with his reader an art supremely calculated to arouse the human faculties, Mr. Highet is running some risk: hence his massive injections of tranquilizer.

The Powers of Poetry (Oxford, $6.00) are not, the reader is meant to feel, much more taxing than Professor Highet's small talk. They are wielded, to begin with, by unusual but basically ordinary men and women, straight out of the *Reader's Digest*: Robinson Jeffers ("lonely, too, lonely. Yes, he is a romantic figure"); William Butler Yeats ("Poor Yeats"); Shelley ("an eccentric and passionate young man"); the inscrutable Mr. Eliot ("I have never met him myself. . . . My wife met him later, though, and says he was quite charming. . . . He is a puzzle."); and to cap the climax, Byron, whose most constant torments, it appears, emanated from a determination to keep his weight down. They are never really belittled or debunked. The strategy is to keep the reader feeling comfortable in their presence.

Their poetry, in the same way, does not really make demands; it satisfies an unexacting appetite for sensation. "Poetry (like music) makes a more immediate appeal to the emotions, while prose ask to be meditated and criticized. Prose makes us think; poetry sets our hearts beating faster and more strongly."

If, that is, we ever touch the stuff at all; and Mr. Highet's consistent effort to minister to the self-respect of the teetotalling reader, with buttonholing ease and baby-talk tact, is chiefly responsible for setting the tone of the book. This tone of sympathetic familiarity with human frailty needs exhibiting at some length:

> "When I hear the word *culture* I reach for my revolver," said the late Marshal Goering. We all agree he was a barbarian; but, confidentially, when you hear the word *poetry* do you reach for a mystery story? Quite a lot of people do: or at least, they turn their mental receiver off, and begin to think about something more interesting. And yet, you know, if they see a new poem by Ogden Nash in a magazine they read it with pleasure, and cut it out, and carry it around in their wallet, and show it to people. It is not that they really dislike poetry. No: they have simply been told that the word *poetry* means only serious verse, deeply tragical like the work of Robinson Jeffers or mystical and hard to understand like Eliot's *Four Quartets;* and they feel disinclined to make the effort of understanding such poetry—or, quite often, they feel temperamentally unsympathetic to it.

"We all agree that he was a barbarian; *but, confidentially. . . .*" Let the reader take heart, his secret is safe. Mr. Highet at least will think none the less of him for that mystery story.

Nor, certainly, for our good chum Mr. Highet, is a somewhat sheepish Eliot going to get away with being "mystical and hard to understand." Mr. Highet and his reader are agreed on that! A little application of smoke to his burrow, and perhaps Mr. Eliot will emerge, coughing an episcopal cough, and show us what he has been hiding down there at the roots of his bewildering passion-flowers. *"Would it be an invasion of privacy?"* (Urbane folk are often a little scrupulous.) *"No, surely not, provided we use only the poems, which Mr. Eliot himself has so often republished, and therefore wishes to be public knowledge."* We shall use only the poems, then, and yet get our fingers on this fellow's secret. *"And yet, as soon as we look closely into the matter, we find ourselves embarrassed."* Finer feelings? No, a taboo subject, in three letters: *". . . the beginning is apparently sex, and some torments arising out of it."* This will never do. Mr. Highet draws a veil, and ministers to the reader's curiosity in rapid summary: *". . . an experience of* guilt, *involving terrible weakness and inadequacy, blindness and powerlessness, and a life burned away into premature old age and lifelong repentance. So his poems seem to say. Some catastrophe, whose cause and course can be guessed, but only guessed. . .*"

THIS MODE of directing the reader's curiosity, summoning some ideal Winchell to our aid and then affecting too fine a sensibility to listen to him (not however, repudiating the notion that his boudoir chronicle, did we not "find ourselves embarrassed," would clear up everything), has many levels of usefulness. First, it dissipates an annoyance with the poet which Mr. Highet has already carefully fostered. The reader's annoyance is dissipated because he can now perceive that the poor guilt-ridden man *couldn't help himself*. Second, this strategy leaves the reader free to guess, indeed en-

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courages him to guess, concerning that "experience of *guilt,* involving terrible weakness and inadequacy": a less exacting pastime than ingesting the poems. And third, it supports the reader's dearest conviction, namely that his and Mr. Highet's world, wherein the two of them repose, turning vellum pages and peeping on disoriented lives, is immune to serious challenge. We can all continue to trust in the Sunday papers. For if *The Waste Land,* say, is about a fragmented Eliot we need not cope with the possibility that it is about a dismembered moral order in the West.

For the real and secret purpose behind so much effort to link poems umbilically with poets is to lay at rest the disturbing alternative, that they ought to be linked explicitly with some situation external to the poet, involving all of us. Mr. Highet's public cannot bear that much reality. If the "shored fragments" turn out to be fragments of a civilization, we shall have to give up our faith in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* let alone the Book-of-the-Month Club. If artists are merely men and women with problems, we need not suppose that they are the antennae of the race. That blip on the radar screen is merely a circuit disturbance (what a pretty pattern it makes!). Poetry, like Kim Novak, was created to "set our hearts beating faster and more strongly."

We are assured of certain certainties. We can "tell the truth about the world, clearly and single-mindedly." We can understand Hamlet, for instance. "As we would say nowadays, he is 'mentally disturbed.'" So much for anyone who supposes Shakespeare to have seized on a turning-point in the spiritual history of the West. A little jargon clears us of this deed: "we call it manic-depressive." And we understand Byron; he was hungry. And we can even understand why Eliot's *Coriolan* (which Mr. Highet persists in calling a play) is unfinished: "*But the problem of the relation between the leader and the mass—perhaps Eliot missed the inwardness of that because he never saw F.D.R., his crippled frame and his saintly face, driving through an adoring crowd. Sometimes I wish that Mr. Eliot had stayed in America, from which he has got so much of his inspiration.*" If the reader, who *did* stay in America, had conceived that poem, why, he would have finished it, would he not?

Communist Mythomania

STEFAN T. POSSONY

In 1938, subsequent to the extermination of the old Bolsheviks, the teaching of Marxism-Leninism was all but abandoned within the Russian Communist Party. To replace the old more or less theoretical scriptures, a *Short Course on the History of the All-Union Party (Bolsheviks)*, edited and partly written by Stalin himself, was issued to party schools. Henceforth, the indoctrination of party members was to be based on pragmatic action models described in conformity with the interests of the self-serving ruling clique. In 1959, the presently unacceptable Stalinist fabrication was superseded by a Khrushchev falsification, *The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* which updated the legends about the Communist past to the XXI party congress of February 1959.

Western responses to these Communist brainwashing initiatives now are forthcoming, after a truly extraordinary time lag. In 1960, a British author, Leonard Schapiro, and an American writer, John S. Reshetar Jr., initiated the long overdue attack on Communist idolatry. True to the ethos of objective and iconoclastic scholars, they turned the rules of evidence against the Communist mythomaniacs. They deserve a vote of thanks.

Schapiro's 300,000-word volume (*The Communist Party of the Soviet Union,* Random House, $7.50) is based on excellent and broadly conceived documentation. Reshetar's *A Concise History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (Praeger, $6.00), 120,000 words in length, sticks predominantly to party sources which the author uses skilfully to point up inconsistencies and contradictions in Communist policies. By contrast, the Khrushchev fairy tale which is about 350,000 words long and contents itself with a minimum of references to party resolutions or quotes from Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev, has more axes to grind and barely any evidence to offer.

Of the two Western histories, the large Schapiro volume is more interesting to the specialist, although Reshetar may be more useful to the general reader. Schapiro, who has better financial support than his competitor and who is more sophisticated in handling his sources, has broken some new ground. He unravels a

number of the numerous mysteries of secret Bolshevik history. Reshetar's contribution lies in brevity and emphasis on essentials. Thus, both books are pioneering and immensely useful rectifiers. Both, moreover, are readable and interesting; and both must be considered compulsory reading for all politically mature persons.

But—far more work will have to be done before we really know what the Communists did, and why, and how. Both authors are poor psychologists; neither Lenin, nor Stalin nor Khrushchev comes to life as a human or inhuman being; and all the other Communists remain mere ciphers. Neither writer understands conspiracy and deception. Neither, therefore, excels in the art of reconstructing from fragmentary information; and neither possesses those profound historical and sociological perspectives required to fit the Bolshevik story into the larger stream of the overall Russian revolution which began one hundred-odd years ago and is still unfinished.

Schapiro has improved our knowledge of the important 1906-14 period. Of the two books, his covers a broader time span. Reshetar treats the

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period after 1941 cursorily, but is strong on the very early history; he also presents a good description of Khrushchev's career. Schapiro uncovers new facts about Bolshevik pre-1914 financing and makes a good stab at analyzing the relations between the Bolsheviks and the Okhrana.

Both authors have a fair understanding of the support which the Germans gave the Bolsheviks during World War I, but neither has grasped the deeper significance of the German-Bolshevik relationship. Both discuss the famine of the early 1930's, with Reshetar stressing the ravages in the Ukraine. Both authors realize that this famine was artificially induced by Stalin but neither seems to be particularly impressed by the horror of such a fact. Both chronicle the purge trials and the liquidation of the old party but fail to produce a convincing interpretation for the reasons and consequences of this unique series of crimes. Schapiro, who otherwise shows commendable realism, even suggests that mass terror may not be one of the inherent characteristics of the Communist Party.

On the Hitler-Stalin pact, the understanding of which is crucial if we are to comprehend current Soviet strategy, Reshetar merely comments that it "compromised" the party. Schapiro says that the Soviet Union became an "accomplice" of Hitler. He proves that in this deal Stalin took the initiative back in 1936, and perhaps even in 1934. But his analysis of the concept which induced Stalin to provoke World War II remains ambiguous. Was there a little "careful editing" of Schapiro's excellent tome? At any rate, on *this* point, Khrushchev's history is more illuminating: with a minimum of double talk the Communists now admit that in the "interest of the cause of socialism," Stalin's pact with Hitler was designed to foment war "within the capitalist world."

In his concluding sentence, Reshetar asserts that the "dark heritage" of the party "stems directly from its self-centered philosophy of history"; a truly professional comment on the bloodiest revolutionary movement of history. To him, it "remains one of the crucial questions of the century" whether the Communist Party "can divest itself" of its past. Schapiro's conclusion is not much better. After consoling himself with the thought that prediction "is not a function of the historian," he takes his chances with the notion that the younger generation is better educated than its predecessor and has not lived through Stalin's holocausts. Instead it has defended its fatherland heroically during the forties and reconstructed it enthusiastically during the fifties. "When, and if, their turn comes to rule through the medium of the party, will their political horizon still remain limited by the rules for an underground conspiracy as once formulated by Lenin?"

If those are the genuine conclusions of the authors, then neither understands the phenomenon which they investigate with such painstaking attention to detail. They miss the forest for the trees. Great historical movements which are begotten in blood, and which flourish through mutual assassination, and through violence and war directed against *all* outsiders, inevitably perish in catastrophe. Historians who fancy that Communism may reform itself, believe in miracles. They may know about the stage settings, the actors, and the sequence of the scenes, but they do not penetrate to the deepest sense of the tragedy.

The American Paradox

K. S. TEMPLETON

Is there such a thing as a Mission of America? Journalists, politicians, historians, public spokesmen of all sorts have usually proclaimed that there is whenever they have delivered themselves of their latest wisdom about the Genius of America, the Great American Experiment, or just the American Way of Life. Wrapping oneself in the American flag and marching off to do battle with heresy is a popular pastime for men of all parties and persuasions. If one were to listen uncritically to the priests of the Liberal Establishment, he might suppose that the assorted "right-wing" groups have a monopoly of this practice. Yet Liberal historians and their journalistic fellow travelers of the past fifty years are second to none in the diligence with which they have pursued the task of turning the history of the United States into a story of Triumphant American Democracy—peeking under the stones of the past to find seeds of democracy, brushing aside the weeds of unpleasant facts miraculously to bring forth democratic blossoms, and finally discovering that the general welfare clause of the Constitution enshrines the Super Welfare State as the true objective of the American Mission.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: . . . embodies in his theories and action the two principal and antagonistic traditions in the United States.

Whatever the deficiencies of Merrill D. Peterson's study of *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind* (Oxford University Press, $8.50), it must be praised for its vivid exposure of the myth that the history of the United States can be neatly packaged into some unitary ideological theory. The author, who teaches history at Brandeis University, seeks to show how Americans have viewed Jefferson since his death. His thesis is that there are two principal and antagonistic traditions in the United States and that Jefferson in his theories and actions embodied both. On the one hand, there is the *republican* tradition, with its emphasis on limited government, individual freedom, property rights, and equality before the law, all derived most immediately from British Whiggism. On the other hand, there is the *democratic* tradition, with its emphasis on positive government, collective liberty, majority rule, and equality of opportunity, largely crystallized by French Rev-

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olutionary ideology. Both traditions were influential in the United States at the close of the eighteenth century. Running through the politics, historical writing and cultural activities of American history, Professor Peterson shows how Jefferson has been used as the hero *and* villain of both these traditions.

Yet, as Peterson also shows, Alexander Hamilton has frequently been drawn into the picture as the embodiment of *the* American tradition, embracing parts of both Jeffersonian traditions, but particularly representing the wisdom of centralized, purposeful government as promoter of national commercial and industrial greatness, as opposed to the folly of a weak national government, states rights, and an agrarian economy. And so, at different times, Jefferson and Hamilton have been the oracles for both "liberals" and "conservatives," depending on what elements in the so-called American tradition were being stressed. The fact that Peterson cannot prevent Hamilton from being introduced into the picture suggests that he should have recognized the impossibility of reconstructing a Jefferson image apart from a Hamilton image, even though he may rightly feel that a Hamilton-Jefferson dichotomy is historically misleading. When one is speaking of images through time, the joint Hamilton-Jefferson image is so persistent that it is inaccurate to presume to write about one without the other.

IN SPITE OF this limitation and the unnecessary length of the book, Peterson has made a fine contribution to American intellectual history until his own Liberal indoctrination gets the better of him toward the end of the book. He exposes, perhaps inadvertently, the shallowness and political deception of Jefferson's admirers and detractors during successsive periods of our history, right down to what he cannot help but depict as the fraudulent assumption of the Jeffersonian mantle by F.D.R. But at this point Peterson ceases being a reporter, and scholarly "realism" sets in: the Depression, the New Deal, and World War II in quick succession have finally made Jefferson obsolete, no matter how he is interpreted, except possibly to promote rather vague humanitarian ideals and help guarantee the Liberals' freedom from persecution by congressional investigating committees and the ghost of Joe McCarthy. In other words, freedom of speech and belief, as understood by the Establishment of course, are the only things in this Brave New World that must somehow be exempted from the supreme dictates of Big Brother. What Professor Peterson is saying, with resignation if not enthusiastic approval, is that history has at last outrun both the republican and the democratic traditions of the Jefferson image.

While one can certainly agree with Peterson's observation that "the Jeffersonian philosophy" has been abandoned by both the Republican and Democratic parties today, it is by no means certain that the republican tradition cannot and does not remain "a recognizable and usable tradition in American government and politics." Of course, Leviathan will continue to grow as long as the majority of historians and voters continue to think that the democratic, or statist, tradition is more desirable or necessary than the Republican because they mistakenly imagine that nineteenth-century "aggressions against the individual were economic (due to *laissez faire*) rather than political (due to government intervention)," that individualistic, anti-statist doctrines conflict with real humanitarianism, and that property rights are not an integral part of all civil and human rights.

But since Peterson has performed a valuable service in demonstrating that it is erroneous to postulate a coherent and unified American tradition in the first place, it is unfortunate that he presumes to declare, on the basis of such a short period in history, that Republican ideals have been consigned by recent events to oblivion. If these ideals are not circumscribed in place or time by the founding and development of the United States of America, but rather are rooted in the very core of our Judaic-Christian tradition, then one must conclude that Peterson either is promoting or has been victimized by current Liberal propaganda. In either case, he would do well to remember that, as he himself points out, only a few years have passed since Wilson observed, "The history of liberty is the history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it." And he might also note that 1960 has witnessed the publication of yet another republican manifesto, *The Constitution of Liberty*, by Professor F. A. Hayek. There are still republican subversives around to remind our leadership that Imperial Rome did not last forever.

Books of Interest

When the Kissing Had to Stop, by Constantine Fitzgibbon (Norton, $3.95). An antidote to *On the Beach*. A relentlessly realistic fictional projection of England's surrender to Communism, brought about by nuclear blackmail and native appeasement.

The Four Loves, by C. S. Lewis (Harcourt, $3.75). With his continuing genius for bringing philosophical and theological understanding to bear upon contemporary consciousness, C. S. Lewis discusses Affection, Friendship, Eros, and Charity.

The Voter's Presidential Handbook, by John A. Wells (McDowell, Obolensky, $1.45). A highly useful paperback guide which packs into its 208 pages a mass of information on the Presidency and Presidential elections.

Frontiers of the Sea, by Robert C. Cowen (Doubleday, $4.95). An intriguing non-technical discussion of oceanography.

The Conscience of a Conservative, by Senator Barry Goldwater (Victor Publishing Co., $3.00 cloth; The Bookmailer, 50¢ paper). A straightforward statement of conservative principles by the man who has emerged as the leading political spokesman of American conservatism.

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The Passing Scene

Marriage a la Mode

JOAN DIDION

I WRITE as one incurably addicted to the women's "service" magazines: *Ladies' Home Journal, McCall's, Good Housekeeping.* As such, I have long been schooled in certain tenets of contemporary life which may well have passed you by.

1) Women's magazines admit two kinds of women: Homemakers and Housewives. "Returning from PTA the other night," cooed a *Journal* Homemaker not long ago, "I suddenly realized that, in a way, our house is a lighthouse—and I am still the keeper's sweetheart . . . Our lives are blessed with such freshening variety!" *"Freshening variety,'"* snarled a *Journal* Housewife a few issues later. "Spare us the mockery of that! Drag out of bed at 6:30 A.M., prepare breakfast, pack lunches, wash eggy dishes, make beds, wash clothes, iron clothes, scrub the floors, and the never-ending battle with dust, dust, dust!"

But whether 2) Homemakers or Housewives, women carry on the world's work. That work 2, A) is *never done.*

Although money 3) never brings happiness, electrical appliances often do. "Stop being a patsy," one Mary Haworth reader advises another. "Any family that can afford to eat can afford a dishwasher." Women 4) are frigid. To a recent letter from a lady who claimed not to be, the *Journal* affixed the title "The Other Side of the Coin."

Men 5) are almost as amusing as children, besides being a help around the house, at least when they aren't out Gambling, Letching at Office Parties, or Taking Themselves Seriously.

In any case 6), men can be handled.

This handling, this marital know-how, is the basis of all women's magazine marriage counseling. These days, since *McCall's* has gone all out on Dali illustrations and articles called "I am A Geisha," and *Good Housekeeping* has missed the boat altogether (covers bearing photographs of small girls in raincoats and the words "Plastics Bring A New Way of Life" do not, I think, compel any but the hopelessly hooked, like me), the *Journal* is more or less single-handedly bearing the torch of marriage counseling. The *Journal* has Goodrich C. Schauffler, M.D. and "Tell me Doctor" (Intimate Problems). The *Journal* has Clifford R. Adams, Ph.D. and "Making Marriage Work." (The fact that I am unmarried has never deterred me from taking—and, with relentless regularity, failing—the *Journal's* monthly "Making Marriage Work" test.)

AND, above all, the *Journal* has Paul Popenoe, Sc.D. and "Can This Marriage Be Saved?" Dr. Popenoe, a not-quite-professional man who presides over the American Institute of Family Relations out on Sunset Boulevard, has now collected—with the assistance of Dorothy Cameron Disney, a *Journal* lady—twenty of his *Journal* case histories in a single memorable volume: *Can This Marriage Be Saved?* (Macmillan, $4.95). Out there on the Strip, the *specialité de L'Institut* is a rare, heady, enchanting blend of penetrating insights (when "a husband tells his wife that he no longer loves her and is desperately in love with some other woman," counsels Dr. Popenoe, she should "recognize that such a declaration is frequently based on emotion rather than reason"), considered warnings ("At the Institute we are not enthusiastic about office parties") and reliance upon know-how.

The real trick, be not deceived, is this *savoir-faire.* Good Management. Handling. Consider Andrea Weymer, whose husband, Dick, was about to leave her for The Other Woman. Through counseling, Andrea acquired the know-how to fight for her man, a cool battle which involved her losing eight pounds, learning "to choose smarter clothes in more becoming colors," and, I swear to God, joining the League of Women Voters. "A couple of months after joining the League, Andrea surprised her family by besting Dick in a dinner-table argument. She convinced him it was his civic duty to register and go to the polls."

Consider Elise Manning, who faced the same problem. After a chat with Dr. Popenoe, Elise "found time for swimming, hiking, and tennis, and insisted that he [her erring mate] make time to enjoy these recreations with his family . . . She then began to spend more on herself and the children and gave him the satisfaction of feeling like an extra-good provider . . . Elise is sure there is no danger of his ever becoming interested in another woman. She and the children occupy too much of his time." (And, although Dr. Popenoe leaves the point implicit, his money.) Although you and I might think, *a priori,* that Elise has one or two surprises ahead of her yet, Dr. Popenoe thinks not.

Again, consider Jill Lester, who complained: "Bob is two inches shorter than me, and the two of us look simply ridiculous together. How can a wife be proud of a husband shorter than she is? . . . I don't care too much about sex. In my opinion sex is—is messy. Mamma thinks the same. And you should hear Alice [a sister] and my three aunties on the subject." Watch the subtlety with which the Institute tackled Jill's problem: "We did not argue with Jill. We did talk to her in a casual way about the possible disadvantage of her future without Bob." (Dr. Popenoe means M-O-N-E-Y.) "But she still could not endure the fact that Bob was two inches shorter than she was . . . This difficulty was solved in a very simple way. Bob bought a pair of the so-called 'elevator' shoes and, so far as ordinary observers were concerned, became as tall as Jill."

Dr. Popenoe, however, puts most of his faith in Talking Things Out. Although it has been my bad luck and/or bad management never to have met a man with whom things might be Talked Out, I accept Dr. Popenoe's word that it remains the most reasonable of tactics. "A clever wife," says he (the crucial adjective here, I suppose, is "clever"), "can often get action by approaching the problem of her mother-in-law indirectly. Picking a quiet time, she can say to her husband, 'I have been wondering if you feel I am dominated too much, in some ways, by my

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mother? Tell me frankly, and you and I together can work out a solution.'"

Although I can scarce believe that this gambit would elicit any response other than a very fishy eye, Dr. Popenoe claims otherwise. "Maybe he will reply with astonishment, 'I never dreamed of such a thing!' Maybe his reply will contain some sharp criticisms. In either event he will probably follow his comments with 'Do you think I am paying too much attention to my own mother?' Then the two can talk the matter out."

Talking Things Out need not stop, according to the Institute, when no immediate Mummy problems are at hand. "In some families," counsels Dr. Popenoe, "It is worthwhile to hold a monthly fact-finding session to clear the air. These couples set aside the 'mensiversary' (not anniversary) of their wedding for the purpose. On the evening of the twenty-third of each month, say, they go out to dinner and after a pleasant meal in a quiet place they bring forth the topics they want to discuss. They keep a list during the month, probably eliminating a few items every time they add new ones. Over the dinner table, calmly and cooperatively (it is to be hoped), they talk out and agree on how to settle the various unsettled matters in their minds."

Calmly and cooperatively (it is to be hoped), *noli me tangere,* Dr. Popenoe.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GOOD YEARS, by Walter Lord (Harper, $4.95). Walter Lord is the master of the chronologically irrelevant that has spawned so many books in the last few years and that reached an amusing anticlimax in Corey Ford's account of a day when nothing happened. I think John Dos Passos, from a higher literary level, may have started it all with his newsreel technique in *U.S.A.* But in any case the formula is a simple one: copy all the odd details from the newspaper files of the period and rewrite with-a-punch, tape-record about a thousand survivors, cover the ground on foot or at least by car (if possible), and trust to luck that novelties may turn up. Mr. Lord has turned up quite a few things, including the notes left by the dying McKinley's physician and the caterer's instructions for Mrs. Astor's Ball. His Good Years are those from 1900 to the outbreak of World War I. He has chapters on the Boxer rebellion, McKinley's assassination, Teddy and the big stick, the San Francisco earthquake, Big Bill Haywood's trial for the dynamite murder of Governor Steunenberg, the 1907 panic, Peary's dash to the pole, the suffragettes, the rise of Wilson, child labor, and finally the Last Summer. This assiduous compilation is entertaining if not exactly novel. It gives one somewhat the effect of looking through an old picture album, with nostalgia and at times a slight uneasiness at the two-dimensional effect. The facts are all there, however, burnished in modern frames, and one can scarcely quarrel with them.

F. RUSSELL

JUMBOS AND JACKASSES, by Edwin Palmer Hoyt Jr. (Doubleday, $5.95). The ballot-by-ballot story of every national political convention since 1860 is the subject of this carefully-timed potboiler. The author has bitten off more than he can chew, so he simply regurgitates it all unchewed: yard after yard of occasionally colorful but usually irrelevant detail, culled largely from contemporary newspaper accounts ("On the last day of 1891 large numbers of Americans were down with the grippe . . ."). In lieu of any serious effort at interpretation, or so much as a single new insight, the cardinal events are served up in a thick gravy of verbal and intellectual clichés ("Harding's backing . . . came largely from eastern business interests, who had been given to understand that Harding would be pliable."). Fortunately, not even Mr. Hoyt's stupefying prose can smother entirely the color and drama of a century; and there is an appendix containing some facts for which we are all richer. (In 1904, *e.g.*, the Prohibition Party nominated Silas C. Swallow.)

W. A. RUSHER

BEYOND THE WELFARE STATE, by Gunnar Myrdal (Yale, $4.50). What Dr. Myrdal dreams of after the welfare state is a welfare world. In it, all the big blustering rich nations are going to help the poor little impoverished nations, so that there will be Equalization of Income and Opportunity on a global scale. The rich will realize that "cooperation" will net them more profit and stability "in the long run"; the international organizations within the UN will expand and exercise greater control over world economics; Enlightenment will overcome petty opportunism and spawn a true Family of Nations. Dr. Myrdal even suggests that once nations acquire a "welfare conscience," massive state regulation will wither away. This, he insists, is already beginning in Sweden. Its labyrinthine prose and muddled thought make the book painful reading, but the naiveté is charming.

R. S. WHEELER

NANCY ASTOR, AN INFORMAL BIOGRAPHY, by Maurice Collis (Dutton, $5.00). The wisecracks for which the first woman member of Parliament became famous on two continents are as exhilarating in the pages of this book as leftover champagne. Yet in spite of her biographer's relentless insistence on her wit, wealth and social eminence, Lady Astor emerges from his panegyric an unpretentious, kindly, well-meaning reformer who personally did a lot for uplift even if she could not convert a stubborn House of Commons to her views (which occasionally were prophetic).

S. LA FOLLETTE

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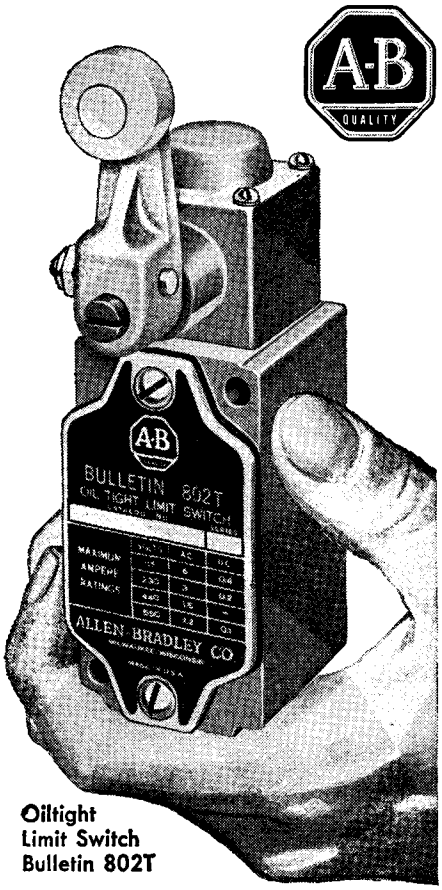

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To the Editor

Where Can Conservatives Go?

In his column of July 28, Joseph Alsop wrote, in a fit of gloating ecstasy: "Nixon is beginning to sound not very unlike Senator John F. Kennedy."

"And Governor Rockefeller," I would add. Nixon's drooling love affair with the Left can only be explained by his ingrained belief that conservatives have nowhere else to go on election day. Well I, for one, have news for Mr. Nixon. On election day I'm not going to the polls at all. I'll just sit home while the Republican Tweedledum and the Democratic Tweedledee slug it out for top place, and say "A plague on both your houses." Because the way it looks right now, whoever wins on election day, conservatives lose.

Flushing, N.Y. LIONEL LOKOS

As of this writing, I have a firm decision to go to the polls in November, sign the voting certificate, and cast a ballot only for Republican congressional candidates and for the Republican state legislature candidates, and to abstain from voting for either of the Presidential tickets.

This method may have merit for support by conservatives for the following reasons:

a. It could make effective the intended "stay at home" Republican vote (and we will be legion, shortly) by aiding the election of Republican congressional candidates, principally House members, who, in the event of a close election that would deny the White House to the national ticket by conservative abstentions, would have no choice but to pay heed to the conservative minority.

b. It could make the members of Congress (Republicans) more attentive to conservatives, if, by abstentions, the Republican congressional candidates run ahead of the national ticket in important states.

Bryn Mawr, Pa. BERNARD F. ALDER

Re the Connally Reservation

I was pleased to have comment in the July 16 issue on my letter on the Connally Reservation which was published by the *New York Times*. . . . However, it appears that limitations of space prevented an adequate statement of my conclusion.

In my letter to the *Times*, I concluded by saying that one would think that even the most sanguine advocates of piecemeal surrender to a world government that does not exist would see the necessity of retaining the Connally Reservation during the present critical period and that, if our acceptance of jurisdiction is to be changed, it should be patterned after the English style.

My view is that we must retain the Connally Reservation, and that any changes in our acceptance of compulsory jurisdiction should be in the direction of adding also the protective provisions in the United Kingdom's acceptance, namely: make it terminable immediately upon notice instead of six months after notice; and exclude disputes with any nation which has not accepted compulsory jurisdiction for at least a year before bringing the matter to the Court.

Incidentally, the United Kingdom also reserves the right to add to its reservations at any time.

Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN B. GEST

Questionable Assumptions

"The only question," Anthony Harrigan concludes his article, "How To Save Cuba" [July 16], "is whether the United States has the boldness and courage to take the steps it must to smash a Soviet satellite at its doorstep."

This is most emphatically *not* the only question, as realistic observers of the Cuban situation are well aware. In fact, as Mr. Harrigan himself intimates in parts of his article, many of his *assumptions* are actually questions.

For example, the critical one "that the Cuban people will join the liberation forces when they land on the island." The whole article rests on this assumption, but Mr. Harrigan does nothing to indicate that it is justified. On the other hand, there are many reasons to believe that it is not.

In its issue of July 18, for instance, *Newsweek* reported from Havana that "there is almost unanimous approval of Khrushchev's threat to defend

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Cuba with rockets." And then again, the Church, which is ordinarily a bulwark in the fight against Communism, is ambiguous in its attitude toward the Castro government. And certainly, broad elements of the Cuban population, the workers, farmers, and students, have reason to be favorable to Castro. Cuba's economic downfall hasn't occurred yet.

Erie, Pa. LEIGH WHITCHER

As Secret as ADA

The issue of July 16 contained a letter from Miss Thelma Rawlings referring to the Anthroposophical Society, founded by Rudolph Steiner, as a "secret society." The Anthroposophical Society, Sir, is about as secret as, say, Americans for Democratic Action (an organization to which it bears an amazing resemblance). As a matter of fact, the New York City headquarters of the Society are located, in plain view, less than two blocks from NATIONAL REVIEW. . . .

New York City FREDERICK J. WALKER

Mr. Allen Explains

Thank you for publishing the letter in which I pointed out that Norman Cousins had dismissed Henry Abrams from the National Committee For A Sane Nuclear Policy when his Communist connections became known. Thank you, too, for exposing my carelessness in quoting Father John Courtney Murray, but now we have the obligation to make clear to your readers what he *did* say. I misremembered that he called H-bombs "morally unusable." He called them morally "unshootable," and let those take comfort in the distinction who will. Writing on "Morality and Foreign Policy," in the May, 1960 issue of *Worldview* (reprinted from *America*, March 19, 1960 and March 26, 1960) Father Murray says, "It is clear that the Department of Defense . . . find[s] sufficient moral warrant for [its] policies in . . . loyalty to the good old Western-story maxim 'Don't shoot first.' With the moral issue thus summarily disposed of, they set policy under the primatial control of that powerful dyarchy, technology and the budget, *which conspire to accumulate weapons that, from the moral point of view, are unshootable, no matter who shoots first.*" The italics are mine but I won't be needing them for the rest of the afternoon.

Re the term "fuzzy-minded liberal," has it ever occurred to you that some of these tired political epithets sound like the names of birds? Red-Breasted Robin, Horn-Billed Cockatoo, Self-Styled Liberal, Die-Hard Reactionary, Fuzzy-Minded Pinko. Perhaps it is time to let these birds out of their cages and introduce a note of freshness to our semantic aviary.

Hollywood, Cal. STEVE ALLEN

From Father Murray

Mr. Allen quoted me correctly. The trouble is that I had not correctly expressed my own meaning.

In a revised version I rewrote the italicized clause thus: ". . . which conspire to accumulate immense weapons of mass annihilation that, from the moral point of view, etc."

This was my original meaning, but I was not explicit, alas.

I do not hold that *all* nuclear weapons are morally "unshootable." This should have been clear from the argument of the whole article.

But I can find no moral defense for the indiscriminate use of weapons of mass annihilation—the multimegaton weapons that, as far as public information goes, are the chief contents of our stockpile, accumulated to give substance to the strategy of "massive retaliation," which is (again, as far as the public is given to understand) still our dominant strategic concept.

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S. J.

Woodstock, Md.

Libertarian Economics

This is to call to your attention a review, by M. N. Rothbard, of *A Proper Monetary and Banking System for the United States* (Bell and Spahr, editors), which appeared in your issue of June 2. . . .

It is possible that Mr. Rothbard's reasoning in money-credit matters is based on premises quite different from those assumed by the nine highly trained and experienced authors of this book, all of whom I believe can be classified philosophically as libertarians. If his objection is that they differ with him in those premises, in ideology if you like, then that should be the point of his criticism. What right has he to use your printed pages to say arbitrarily to the thousands who respect your editorial judgment that the authors of a certain book "cherish . . . evils" and "persist in fallacies"?

. . . Mr. Rothbard has not perceived in the book he condemns that it is one of the few published in the money-credit field in recent times that espouses the cause of free competitive markets (for capital funds), the freedom of the banking system from Government domination, and by implication the freedom of the individual to save, spend, invest, or borrow as he chooses. Nor does Mr. Rothbard perceive that the gold standard, which the book advocates,

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is a means by which the people of a nation can a) control public spending, and b) obtain the benefits of a sound (noninflationary) monetary system. If you will have any libertarian who is fairly familiar with the subject of money and banking read the book he will, I am sure, report to you that these statements of mine are correct. . . .

ROBERT T. PATTERSON

Great Barrington, Mass.

Mr. Rothbard Replies

I tried to make it clear in my review that I favor going back to the gold standard as an "elemental first step in eradicating socialized money and built-in inflation." However, I also thought it important to point out that the evils of managed money in America began long before the New Deal—especially with the Federal Reserve System of 1913. Contrary to Mr. Patterson, he and the other authors cherish these evils. Far from wanting "freedom of the banking system from Government domination," they are firm advocates of the Federal Reserve System, with its federal manipulating, regulating, and managing of the nation's money. To return to the gold standard while retaining the "Fed" would only be a slight first step on the road to genuinely free banking.

Mr. Patterson's letter also reflects an arrogance typical of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy, which has never acknowledged that its members are not the only economists trained in the problems of money and credit. They persist, for example, in the ancient fallacies of "self-liquidating credit," even though they have been repeatedly refuted by competent economists for over a century.

New York City MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

False Beard

A correspondent has pointed out to me that in my review of J. Donald Adams' *Copey of Harvard* I put a false beard on the clean-shaven Professor Grandgent. Of course I meant Professor Kittredge. Both Grandgent and Kittredge attended the Roxbury Latin School. I as a boy there would see them appear on Founder's Day and to me then they were as inextricably combined as the Smith brothers on the cough drop box. I did not survive Harvard long enough to separate them.

Wellesley Hills, Mass. FRANCIS RUSSELL

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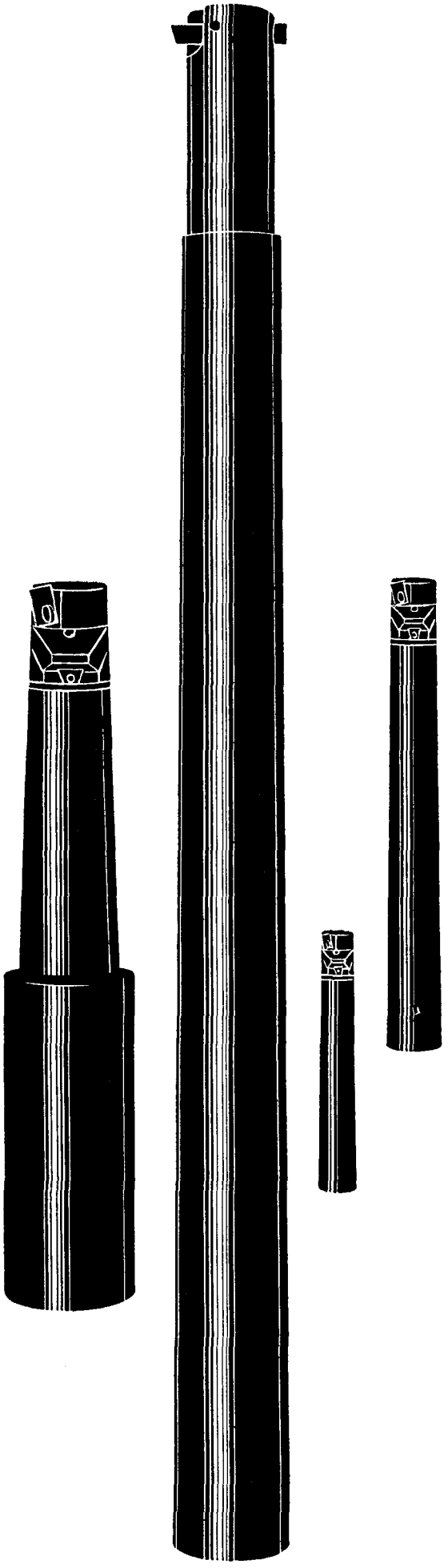

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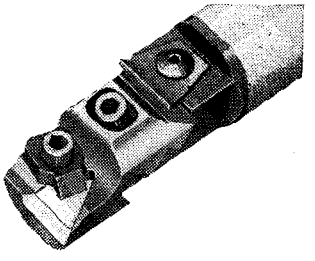

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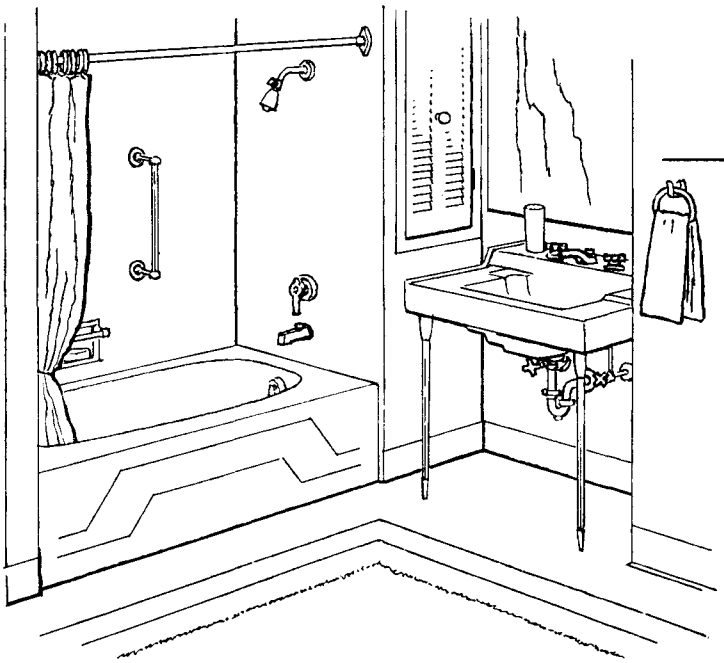

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